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# ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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JANUARY—JUNE.

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Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τοῦ.ων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ ἙΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—  
CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

NEW SERIES.

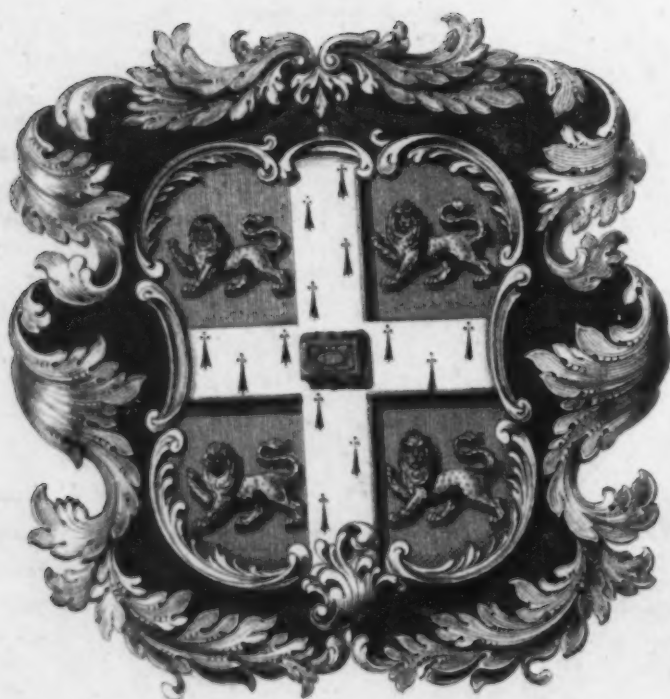
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ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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JANUARY, 1849.

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ART. I.—*The History of England from the Accession of James II.*  
By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London :  
Longman and Co. 1848.

IT has been known for some time past that Mr. Macaulay was engaged in the composition of a work designed to illustrate one of the most critical periods of our history, and men have speculated on its probable structure and qualities with very various feelings. His distinguished reputation as a contributor to periodical literature, his high rank as a parliamentary speaker, the sympathy he has expressed on many occasions with the patriotic leaders of the seventeenth century, the general liberality of his sentiments, and the vast extent and minute accuracy of his historical lore, induced many to anticipate his work with expectations far exceeding their ordinary mood. On the other hand, it has been predicted, that the essayist would fail as the historian, that the splendid diction of the reviewer would be unsuited to the summing up of the judge, that the anecdotal richness of his memory would interfere with comprehensive views of men and things, that the prejudices of the Whig statesman would becloud his intellect and pervert his judgments, and that the mortification of recent events would give an asperity to his mind incompatible with an impartial review of the popular cause. He was to furnish, according to such soothsayers, an illustration of acknowledged eminence in one department, combined with as certain failure in another ; the perversion of great powers from

their being directed to a pursuit for which previous engagements and party connexions unfitted him. We stop not to inquire into the reasonableness or the folly of such predictions. It is enough to say that two thick volumes are now before us, and that after an attentive and close perusal, with every fair disposition to admit whatever exceptions might be found, we are bold to avow our conviction that Mr. Macaulay has risen superior to the difficulties of his position, and has produced a work which his countrymen will not willingly let die. He has made a startling addition to our literature, has added to history the fascination of romance without merging any of its graver and more useful qualities. Our historical literature has, for the most part, been a dull and heavy thing, cumbrous in style, unskilful in arrangement, and utterly wanting those bright and salient points which attract and keep alive the attention of unprofessional readers. When we pass from the partizanship of Clarendon, and the garrulity of Burnet, to the pages of writers who assume more distinctively the historical character, we are painfully reminded of a want of interest which nothing but the deep importance of the theme enables us to surmount. For the most part, we have only the skeleton of history, the bare bones and muscles of a frame which ought to live and move before us.

It is an immense relief to turn from such dry narratives to the picturesque descriptions of Froissart, or even to the lively sketchings of our French neighbours. Mr. Macaulay has united, in a happy degree, the rich colourings of the old chronicler with the sounder philosophy and constitutional lore of modern times. His pages breathe, his personages move before us. We catch the inspiration of the hour; see the passions which agitated the throne and the populace; feel the ground tremble beneath our feet, and understand the forces that produced the convulsions which history records. There are many passages in these volumes, equal in point of interest simply, with any to be found in the pages of Walter Scott; and when recovering from the fascination of a first perusal, we analyze and sift them, requiring judgment to pronounce on what imagination has revelled in, we are constrained, with slight exceptions, to admit that their truthfulness is equal to their beauty, that they are as severely accurate as they are surpassingly attractive. This holds in relation to events as well as to persons. Whole scenes are painted with life-like distinctness, while individual figures stand clear before us in their more minute as well as their more prominent features. We are aware that these are strong terms, nor do we mean to affirm there are no exceptions. The colours are occasionally too bright or too dark; but it would be in the last degree ungenerous,

on such ground to depreciate a work, the pervading character of which is eminently enlightened and candid. As the author approaches the revolution of 1688, the influence of his position as a Whig statesman is increasingly visible. We shall have other and more fitting opportunities, however, in the progress of his work for examining his views on this point, and content ourselves at present with simply noting the fact. We are no partizan admirers of Mr. Macaulay. When fitting occasion arose we have not hesitated to express strongly our disapprobation of his views; and were any vindication wanted of the pleasure with which we regarded his defeat at Edinburgh, it would be found in these volumes, for the preparation of which his retirement from public life has afforded due leisure. The same fidelity to truth which made us his opponents as a candidate for popular support, compels us now to yield him a generous meed of praise.

It is impossible to open these volumes without being reminded of the fragments of Charles James Fox, and of Sir James Mackintosh. It was a somewhat perilous enterprise to undertake a history which such men had essayed, and we shall probably find, when supplied with Mr. Macaulay's preface, that he had some misgiving on this point. His work, however, has no feature in common with the 'History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II.,' or with the 'Review of the Causes of the Revolution of 1688,' save that which arises from community of views, and an equally honest deference to evidence. These unfinished productions are entitled to great respect, and have had considerable influence on the mind of England. The latter more particularly may serve, in a few instances, to modify the personal sketches of our author, but so far are they from superseding such a work as the present, that they clearly show its necessity, and have strengthened the desire for it, long cherished amongst us. What was effected by the partial labours of Fox and Mackintosh, only served to prove the richness of the mine yet unexplored.

Mr. Macaulay's design will be best stated in his own words, which we have the more pleasure in recording, as they indicate the prominence of topics which our historians have too frequently slurred over with discreditable haste and superficiality.

'I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how,



under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels which to the statesman of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.' —Vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

We have also great pleasure in reporting that Mr. Macaulay has not fallen into another error very common with historical writers. Most of the works which bear the name of history, have to do with anything rather than with the people. They are a record of battles and intrigues, a chronicle of dynasties and ministries, a mere narrative of the more prominent events which have disturbed the surface of society, and affected directly the condition of its higher classes. History has been for the most part the creature of the aristocracy, and has been content to leave the general state of the people without elucidation, as though it were foreign from its province, and beneath its dignity, to set forth the social and economical condition of the great body of the community. It is easy to resolve this fact into its cause, but the evils resulting from it are not readily enumerated. Our author has pursued a juster and more generous course, and the result is a great enhancement of the value of his work. 'It will be my endeavour,' he says, 'to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.'

The work is appropriately introduced by a brief and masterly sketch of the previous history of our country, in which the author passes very rapidly over many centuries, but dwells 'at

some length on the vicissitudes of that contest which the administration of King James II. brought to a decisive crisis.'

We can do little more than glance at this sketch, which is executed with consummate ability, and furnishes a very favourable specimen of the generous and catholic temper of the writer. The fusion of the Celtic, Saxon, Danish, and Norman races, the comparative advantages which flowed from the growth of the spiritual power, and the gradual evolution of the ideas of personal right and of constitutional freedom, are exhibited with an accuracy and skill which awaken confidence, while they minister largely to the pleasure of the reader. It is instructive to observe how the salvation of the nation has, in many cases, resulted from events which were popularly deemed disastrous. The false splendour of military success has frequently misled the English, as well as the French people. We have seen this in recent times, but our history furnishes no more signal illustration than that which is supplied by the expedition of the Plantagenets. Had they succeeded, as appeared at one time likely, in uniting all France under their rule, England would probably have lost her independent existence. 'Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the artisans and the tillers of the earth. The revenues of her great proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine. The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of the boors. No man of English extraction would have risen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman.' From this terrible evil we were saved by the folly and the vices of John, from whose reign English history properly begins. Mr. Macaulay has treated this subject with his usual discrimination, as the following passage will show:—

'England owes her escape from such calamities to an event which her historians have generally represented as disastrous. Her interest was so directly opposed to the interest of her rulers that she had no hope but in their errors and misfortunes. The talents and even the virtues of her six first French kings were a curse to her. The follies and vices of the seventh were her salvation. Had John inherited the great qualities of his father, of Henry Beauclerc, or of the Conqueror, nay, had he even possessed the martial courage of Stephen or of Richard, and had the King of France at the same time been as incapable as all the other successors of Hugh Capet had been, the House of Plantagenet must have risen to unrivalled ascendancy in Europe. But, just at this conjuncture, France, for the first time since the death of Charlemagne,

was governed by a prince of great firmness and ability. On the other hand England which, since the battle of Hastings, had been ruled generally by wise statesmen, always by brave soldiers, fell under the dominion of a trifler and a coward. From that moment her prospects brightened. John was driven from Normandy. The Norman nobles were compelled to make their election between the island and the continent. Shut up by the sea with the people whom they had hitherto oppressed and despised, they gradually came to regard England as their country, and the English as their countrymen. The two races, so long hostile, soon found that they had common interests and common enemies. Both were alike aggrieved by the tyranny of a bad king. Both were alike indignant at the favour shown by the court to the natives of Poitou and Aquitaine. The great grandsons of those who had fought under William and the great grandsons of those who had fought under Harold began to draw near to each other in friendship; and the first pledge of their reconciliation was the Great Charter, won by their united exertions, and framed for their common benefit.'—*Ib.* pp. 15, 16.

The union of the Saxon and Norman races, out of which the English character grew, may be considered, for all practical purposes, as accomplished in the thirteenth century. It was a thing of silent growth, imperceptible in its immediate stages, yet clearly marked, at distant intervals, by its influence on our institutions and habits. Another equally significant revolution was at the same time proceeding, which changed the serf into a freeman, and invested the mere chattel of the Norman lord with the sense of personal right which distinguishes the English peasant. These revolutions struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation, nor by physical force. No changes, however, were so conducive to national progress, or formed such important links in the constitutional history of our country. English freedom is the growth of centuries, and its earlier records speak an equivocal language. The Roundhead and the Cavalier of the seventeenth century, and the Whig and the Tory of the present day, may easily find precedents in the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors, but the wise course is to take a survey of the whole political horizon, and to form our estimate from a comparison of its various aspects. 'One set of writers,' remarks Mr. Macaulay, 'adduced numerous instances in which kings had extorted money without the authority of parliament. Another set cited cases in which the parliament had assumed to itself the power of inflicting punishment on kings. Those who saw only one half of the evidence would have concluded that the Plantagenets were as absolute as the Sultans of Turkey: those who saw only the other half would have concluded that the Plantagenets had



as little real power as the Doges of Venice; and both conclusions would have been equally remote from the truth.'

Our author distinctly admits—what, indeed, no writer with any pretension to candour can deny—that 'the English reformers were eager to go as far as their brethren on the continent. They unanimously condemned,' he says, 'as anti-christian numerous dogmas and practices to which Henry had stubbornly adhered, and which Elizabeth reluctantly abandoned;' and, after adducing the opinions of many of the bishops, he adds:—'When it is considered that none of these prelates belonged to the extreme section of the Protestant party, it cannot be doubted that, if the general sense of that party had been followed, the work of reform would have been carried on as unsparingly in England as in Scotland.'

The character of James I. served a similar purpose in English history with that of John. It is one of the feeblest and most contemptible in our records, and served to irritate and embolden discontent. No monarch had more exalted notions of his prerogative, or displayed them more absurdly, but he wanted all the stronger elements of despotism. His temper, though obstinate, was timid; he had no self-reliance; was destitute of any large and comprehensive policy; availed himself readily of present ease; and chose for his favourites the most worthless of mankind. A vast increase of national power was anticipated from his accession to the throne of the Southern kingdom, but such anticipations were bitterly disappointed. He was utterly unworthy of his fortune, and the same benefit resulted from his incapacity, as from that of the Plantagenet.

'On the day of the accession of James I. our country descended from the rank which she had hitherto held, and began to be regarded as a power hardly of the second order. During many years the great British monarchy, under four successive princes of the House of Stuart, was scarcely a more important member of the European system than the little kingdom of Scotland had previously been. This, however, is little to be regretted. Of James I., as of John, it may be said that if his administration had been able and splendid, it would probably have been fatal to our country, and that we owe more to his weaknesses and meannesses than to the wisdom and courage of much better sovereigns. He came to the throne at a critical moment. The time was fast approaching when either the king must become absolute, or the parliament must control the whole executive administration. Had he been, like Henry IV., like Maurice of Nassau, or like Gustavus Adolphus, a valiant, active, and politic ruler, had he put himself at the head of the Protestants of Europe, had he gained great victories over Tilly and Spinola, had he adorned Westminster with the spoils of Bavarian monasteries and Flemish cathedrals, had he hung Austrian and Castilian banners in Saint Paul's, and had

he found himself, after great achievements, at the head of fifty thousand troops, brave, well disciplined, and devotedly attached to his person, the English parliament would soon have been nothing more than a name. Happily he was not a man to play such a part. He began his administration by putting an end to the war which had raged during many years between England and Spain; and from that time he shunned hostilities with a caution which was proof against the insults of his neighbours and the clamours of his subjects. Not till the last year of his life could the influence of his son, his favourite, his parliament, and his people combined, induce him to strike one feeble blow in defence of his family and of his religion. It was well for those whom he governed, that he in this matter disregarded their wishes. The effect of his pacific policy was, that in his time no regular troops were needed, and that, while France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Germany swarmed with mercenary soldiers, the defence of our island was still confided to the militia.'—*Ib.* pp. 69, 70.

The reign of Charles brought on the crisis for which many causes had been co-operating. A new era commenced with the dissolution of his parliament in March, 1629, but as we refer to the events of this reign in our notice of 'The Fairfax Correspondence,' we omit further allusion to them now.

Full justice is done by Mr. Macaulay to the personal character of Cromwell, nor are we disposed to take much exception to the view given of his administration. It wanted only the quality of being legal, infinitely to outshine all which had preceded it. England had never witnessed such a combination of legislative wisdom with administrative vigour, and her name consequently rose to an unparalleled height in the estimation of other nations. The following passage will surprise those whose views of the Lord Protector are formed from the scurrilous libels which followed the Restoration.

'A House of Commons was a necessary part of the new polity. In constituting this body, the Protector showed a wisdom and a public spirit which were not duly appreciated by his contemporaries. The vices of the old representative system, though by no means so serious as they afterwards became, had already been remarked by farsighted men. Cromwell reformed that system on the same principles on which Mr. Pitt, a hundred and thirty years later, attempted to reform it, and on which it was at length reformed in our own times. Small boroughs were disfranchised even more unsparingly than in 1832; and the number of county members was greatly increased. Very few unrepresented towns had yet grown into importance. Of those towns the most considerable were Manchester, Leeds, and Halifax. Representatives were given to all three. An addition was made to the number of the members for the capital. The elective franchise was placed on such a footing, that every man of substance, whether possessed of freehold estates in land or not, had a vote for the county in which he resided. A few Scotchmen and a few of the English colonists settled

in Ireland, were summoned to the assembly which was to legislate at Westminster, for every part of the British isles.'—*Ib.* p. 135.

Cromwell aimed at governing constitutionally. He sought to substitute the law for the sword, but the nation was torn into factions, and even the best of her sons refused to accept what was practicable, in a passionate pursuit of ideal perfection. 'God,' he exclaimed, when dissolving his second parliament, 'be judge between you and me.' The very Cavalier was protected, save when he plotted the overthrow of the government. 'Justice was administered between man and man with an exactness and purity not known before. Under no English government, since the Reformation, had there been so little religious persecution. The unfortunate Roman Catholics, indeed, were held to be scarcely within the pale of Christian charity. But the clergy of the fallen Anglican Church were suffered to celebrate their worship, on condition that they would abstain from preaching about politics.' Such was the administration of a man whom several generations have conspired to blacken. His character, however, is now beginning to be known, and our children will place him, by almost universal consent, amongst the best, as well as the ablest, of English rulers.

We are sorry to find Mr. Macaulay attempting to vindicate the treachery—for such, notwithstanding his defence, we must esteem it—of the Convention which recalled the Stuarts. The return of this ill-fated house we admit to have been inevitable. The state of the nation called for it. There was no second Cromwell to ward off the plague, and it is probable, as Mr. Hallam contends, that, if any limitations had been imposed on the royal prerogative, they would have been overruled by the parliament which met after the Restoration. All this we admit, yet it does not in our judgment constitute a defence. The Convention owed it to the great interests at stake to make terms with the exiled prince, and the fact of their not having done so, went far to justify Charles in the claims he subsequently preferred. Such terms, had they been made conditions of his return, would have been of immense advantage to the popular party in the struggle which speedily commenced. They would have superseded many laborious researches into the precedents of ancient times; and though they might not have restrained the monarch from tyranny, they would have branded his despotism—no mean advantage—with a deeper stain of infamy. But the voice of patriotism was overwhelmed amidst the whirl of contending factions. The nation was intoxicated with joy, and Charles II. ascended the throne of his father, to corrupt the morals, and basely to assail the liberty, of his people. We need not descant on what followed. Infidelity and licentiousness deluged the land, and the restored



hierarchy, instead of arresting their progress, contributed, in too many cases, to their potency of mischief.

'Her whole soul,' says Mr. Macaulay, speaking of the Anglican Church, 'was in the work of crushing the Puritans, and of teaching her disciples to give unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's. She had been pillaged and oppressed by the party which preached an austere morality. She had been restored to opulence and honour by libertines. Little as the men of mirth and fashion were disposed to shape their lives according to her precepts, they were yet ready to fight knee deep in blood for her cathedrals and palaces, for every line of her rubric and every thread of her vestments. If the debauched Cavalier haunted brothels and gambling-houses, he at least avoided conventicles. If he never spoke without uttering ribaldry and blasphemy, he made some amends by his eagerness to send Baxter and Howe to gaol for preaching and praying. Thus the clergy, for a time, made war on schism with so much vigour that they had little leisure to make war on vice. The ribaldry of Etherege and Wycherley was, in the presence and under the special sanction of the head of the Church, publicly recited by female lips in female ears, while the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" languished in a dungeon for the crime of proclaiming the gospel to the poor. It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith, were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point.'—*Ib.* pp. 180, 181.

The government of the Restoration is fruitful in topics of deep interest, on some of which we should be glad to dwell if our space permitted. We must be content, however, to refer to the pages of our author, whose rapid sketch furnishes just that information which the state of historical lore requires. The heartlessness and insincerity of the king, the bitter disappointment of the Cavaliers, the reaction of the public mind, the fall of Clarendon, the policy of the Cabal, the triple alliance and the treaty of Dover, the intrigues of France with the perfidy of Charles on the one hand, and the culpable tactics of Whig leaders on the other, the Exclusion Bill, the Popish and the Rye House plots, the judicial murder of Russell and of Sydney, the persecution of Nonconformists, and the sinister toleration attempted, are rapidly reviewed, and set in a felicitous light. But we must hasten to our more immediate object, before doing which, however, we make room for our author's sketch of the Marquis of Halifax, whom he correctly describes as, in point of genius, the first statesman of the age. We give it as an example of great skill in the delineation of character. Mr. Macaulay possesses in an eminent degree the power of making historical personages live before us. There is nothing of the mere anatomist about him. He deals not in skeletons, but clothes the frame with flesh, and breathes into it a vital spirit. It is impossible to read such a passage as this, without

feeling that we know more of the inner man of the personage described, than is usually learnt from the dry bones which our historians have been content to exhibit. The portrait is more favourable—in its moral features at least—than that given by Sir James Mackintosh, and is so far, we think, a deviation from the truth. Those who wish to compare the likenesses—and we recommend all who have the opportunity to do so—will find the latter in the early part of 'The Causes of the Revolution of 1688.'\*

'His intellect,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various, he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable, frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian. With such a turn of mind, he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations of both the great parties in the State, moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasonable clamours of demagogues. He despised still more the Tory doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the Churchman and at the bigotry of the Puritan. He was equally unable to comprehend how any man should object to saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them. In temper, he was what, in our time, is called a Conservative. In theory he was a republican. Even when his dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's Head Club than a privy councillor of the Stuarts. In religion, he was so far from being a zealot that he was called by the uncharitable an atheist; but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and in truth, though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his rare powers both of argumentation and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions.

'He was the chief of those politicians whom the two great parties contemptuously called Trimmers. Instead of quarrelling with this nickname, he assumed it as a title of honour, and vindicated, with

\* Miscellaneous Works, vol. ii. p. 10.

great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation. . . . Thus Halifax was a trimmer on principle. He was also a trimmer by the constitution both of his head and of his heart. His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. He must not, however, be confounded with the vulgar crowd of renegades. For though, like them, he passed from side to side, his transition was always in the direction opposite to theirs. He had nothing in common with those who fly from extreme to extreme, and who regard the party which they have deserted with an animosity far exceeding that of consistent enemies. His place was between the hostile divisions of the community, and he never wandered far beyond the frontier of either. The party to which he at any moment belonged, was the party which, at that moment, he liked least, because it was the party of which at that moment he had the nearest view. He was therefore always severe upon his violent associates, and was always in friendly relations with his moderate opponents. Every faction in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph incurred his censure; and every faction, when vanquished and persecuted, found in him a protector. To his lasting honour it must be mentioned that he attempted to save those victims whose fate has left the deepest stain both on the Whig and on the Tory name.—*Ib.* pp. 242—245.

Charles expired on the 6th of February, 1685, and was immediately succeeded by his brother, who was lavish in his promises of maintaining the laws, and of upholding the Church of England. 'We have now,' said a loyal preacher, on the following Sunday, 'for our Church the word of a king, and of a king who was never worse than his word!' A bad omen, however, was furnished by the elevation of Sir George Jeffreys to the peerage with a seat in the Cabinet, and it soon became evident that in this was given a clue to the policy of the new reign. The unenviable notoriety of this infamous judge has loaded his memory with the deepest curses of his countrymen. England has never known his equal. He united the worst vices of a low-minded and brutal parasite, and was held in universal abhorrence, save by his royal master and the minions of the Court. The following extract from our author's sketch will sufficiently exhibit the man:—

'He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves, called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consum-



mate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish market or the bear garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. But these natural advantages,—for such he seems to have thought them,—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became common serjeant and then recorder of London. As a judge at the City sessions he exhibited the same propensities which afterwards, in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas, a cold time for Madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on poor Ludowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor who fancied himself a prophet. "Impudent rogue!" roared Jeffreys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.'—*Ib.* pp. 449—451.

Richard Baxter, one of the most estimable of men, whose whole life had been a protest against the extremes of either party, the subtilty of whose intellect unfitted him for partizanship, as the sanctity of his life brought him into fellowship with the good of every class, early experienced the ferocity of the Chief Justice. Baxter had complained in his Commentary on the New Testament of the persecutions to which Dissenters were subjected. Roger L'Estrange, the oracle of the Church, immediately sounded the alarm, and an information was filed against Baxter. The venerable Nonconformist applied for time to prepare his defence, and the scene which ensued will be best described in our author's words:—

'It was on the day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard that

the illustrious chief of the Puritans, oppressed by age and infirmities, came to Westminster Hall to make this request. Jeffreys burst into a storm of rage. "Not a minute," he cried, "to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on one side of the pillory; and, if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together."

"When the trial came on at Guildhall, a crowd of those who loved and honoured Baxter filled the court. At his side stood Doctor William Bates, one of the most eminent of the Nonconformist divines. Two Whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth, "Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book;" and then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, "Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the court that his late majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. "And what ailed the old blockhead then," cried Jeffreys, "that he did not take it?" His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city.

"Wallop interposed, but fared no better than his leader. "You are in all these dirty causes, Mr. Wallop," said the judge. "Gentlemen of the long robe ought to be ashamed to assist such factious knaves." The advocate made another attempt to obtain a hearing, but to no purpose. "If you do not know your duty," said Jeffreys, "I will teach it you."

"Wallop sate down; and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word. But the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of Hudibras. "My lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters in speaking respectfully of bishops." "Baxter for bishops!" cried the judge, "that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops, rascals like yourself, Kidderminster bishops, factious snivelling Presbyterians!" Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And there," he continued, fixing his savage eye on Bates, "there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all!"

"Baxter held his peace. But one of the junior counsel for the defence made a last effort, and undertook to show that the words of which complaint was made would not bear the construction put on them by the information. With this view he began to read the context. In a moment he was roared down. "You shan't turn the court into a con-

venticle!" The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. "Snivelling calves!" said the judge.

'Witnesses to character were in attendance, and among them were several clergymen of the Established Church. But the Chief Justice would hear nothing. "Does your lordship think," said Baxter, "that any jury will convict a man on such a trial as this?" "I warrant you, Mr. Baxter," said Jeffreys. "Don't trouble yourself about that." Jeffreys was right. The sheriffs were the tools of the government. The juries, selected by the sheriffs from among the fiercest zealots of the Tory party, conferred for a moment, and returned a verdict of guilty. "My lord," said Baxter, as he left the court, "there was once a Chief Justice who would have treated me very differently." He alluded to his learned and virtuous friend Sir Matthew Hale. "There is not an honest man in England," answered Jeffreys, "but that looks on thee as a knave."—*Ib.* pp. 492—494.

The treatment of Baxter clearly indicated the hostility of the government to the Protestant Nonconformists. Strange to say there have not been wanting men to represent James as the advocate of toleration. Never was a more baseless theory, nor one in more obvious contrast to all the facts of the case. When his exclusion from the English throne had been proposed on the ground of his religious faith, he had discoursed on the impolicy of persecution, and the inviolability of conscience. He could then parade himself as a proficient in the doctrines which Milton had taught a previous generation, and which Locke subsequently enshrined in his immortal treatises.

'But,' remarks Mr. Macaulay, 'his zeal for the rights of conscience ended with the predominance of the Whig party. When fortune changed, when he was no longer afraid that others would persecute him, when he had it in his power to persecute others, his real propensities began to show themselves. He hated the Puritan sects with a manifold hatred, theological and political, hereditary and personal. He regarded them as the foes of heaven, as the foes of all legitimate authority in Church and State, as his great grandmother's foes and his grandfather's, his father's and his mother's, his brother's and his own. He, who had complained so loudly of the laws against Papists, now declared himself unable to conceive how men could have the impudence to propose the repeal of the laws against the Puritans. He, whose favourite theme had been the injustice of requiring civil functionaries to take religious tests, established in Scotland, when he resided there as Viceroy, the most rigorous religious test that has ever been known in the empire. He, who had expressed just indignation when the priests of his own faith were hanged and quartered, amused himself with hearing Covenanters shriek and seeing them writhe while their knees were beaten flat in the boots. In this mood he became king, and he immediately demanded and obtained from the obsequious Estates of Scotland, as the surest pledge of their loyalty, the most sanguinary law that has ever in our islands been enacted against Protestant Nonconformists.'—*Ib.* pp. 497, 498.



The professions he afterwards made, were still more obviously deceptive. His Indulgences were the offspring of guile, specious in word, but rancorous in spirit, designed to pave the way for the restoration of Popery by promoting division amongst Protestant sects. But it is needless to occupy space in the refutation of a theory which no sane man now ventures to abet.

The first parliament of James was constituted apparently to his mind. He expressed unbounded satisfaction with it, and the choice of Sir John Trevor, a creature of Jeffreys, as Speaker, seemed to justify his complacency. The session opened on the 13th May, and the king, while professing his resolution to maintain the established government in Church and State, addressed an extraordinary admonition to the representatives of his people: 'He was apprehensive,' he said, 'that they might be inclined to dole out money to him, from time to time, in the hope that they should thus force him to call them frequently together. But he must warn them that he was not to be so dealt with, and that, if they wished him to meet them often, they must use him well.' This threatening was received with loud cheers by the Tory members, who were yet on the very verge of a deadly struggle with the monarch. Those who looked only on the surface, imagined that the throne was secure, but more thoughtful observers, who took into account the character of the English people, and the history of the past forty years, augured ill for a monarch who commenced his intercourse with Parliament by such undisguised and insolent tyranny. The event justified their anticipation, but the proceedings of Parliament were now interrupted by the invasion of Argyle and Monmouth, the former of whom landed in Scotland, and the latter in England. Both expeditions, it is needless to say, failed. The nation was not yet ripe for change, and Monmouth was wanting in all the qualities of a great leader. It would have been madness to adopt the illegitimate son of Charles to the prejudice of the House of Orange, and we cannot, therefore, regret the defeat of the invaders, however much we pity the fate of some of them. The execution of Argyle is a beautiful episode in the history. The brightest part of his career commenced with his arrest. We see little of the man until this calamity befel him, but from that moment, the serene and magnanimous air of a true hero is visible. Having replied to the written interrogatories of the Privy Council, Mr. Macaulay informs us:—

'He was told that unless he returned fuller answers he should be put to the torture. James, who was doubtless sorry that he could not feast his own eyes with the sight of Argyle in the boots, sent down to Edinburgh positive orders that nothing should be omitted which could wring out of the traitor information against all who had been concerned

in the treason. But menaces were vain. With torments and death in immediate prospect, Mac Cullum More thought far less of himself than of his poor clansmen. "I was busy this day," he wrote from his cell, "treating for them, and in some hopes. But this evening orders came that I must die upon Monday or Tuesday; and I am to be put to the torture if I answer not all questions upon oath. Yet I hope God shall support me."

'The torture was not inflicted. Perhaps the magnanimity of the victim had moved the conquerors to unwonted compassion. He himself remarked that at first they had been very harsh to him, but that they soon began to treat him with respect and kindness. God, he said, had melted their hearts. It is certain that he did not, to save himself from the utmost cruelty of his enemies, betray any of his friends. On the last morning of his life he wrote these words:—"I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God he hath supported me wonderfully." . . .

'Most of his few remaining hours were passed in devotion, and in affectionate intercourse with some members of his family. He professed no repentance on account of his last enterprise, but bewailed, with great emotion, his former compliance in spiritual things with the pleasure of the government. He had, he said, been justly punished. One who had so long been guilty of cowardice and dissimulation was not worthy to be the instrument of salvation to the State and Church. Yet the cause, he frequently repeated, was the cause of God, and would assuredly triumph. "I do not," he said, "take on myself to be a prophet. But I have a strong impression on my spirit, that deliverance will come very suddenly." It is not strange that some zealous Presbyterians should have laid up his saying in their hearts, and should, at a later period, have attributed it to divine inspiration.

'So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits that, on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the lords of the council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the church of which he had once been a member, came to the castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the earl. It was answered that the earl was asleep. The privy councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened; and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping, in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. "No, no," he said; "that will do me no good." She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. "I have been," he said, "in

Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me——."

'And now the earl had risen from his bed, and had prepared himself for what was yet to be endured. He was first brought down the High Street to the Council House, where he was to remain during the short interval which was still to elapse before the execution. During that interval he asked for pen and ink, and wrote to his wife. "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

'It was now time to leave the Council House. The divines who attended the prisoner were not of his own persuasion; but he listened to them with civility, and exhorted them to caution their flocks against those doctrines which all Protestant churches unite in condemning. He mounted the scaffold, where the rude old guillotine of Scotland, called the Maiden, awaited him, and addressed the people in a speech, tinged with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but breathing the spirit of serene piety. His enemies, he said, he forgave as he hoped to be forgiven. Only a single acrimonious expression escaped him. One of the episcopal clergymen who attended him went to the edge of the scaffold, and called out in a loud voice, "My lord dies a Protestant." "Yes," said the earl, stepping forward, "and not only a Protestant, but with a heart hatred of popery, of prelacy, and of all superstition." He then embraced his friends, put into their hands some tokens of remembrance for his wife and children, kneeled down, laid his head on the block, prayed for a little space, and gave the signal to the executioner. His head was fixed on the top of the Tolbooth, where the head of Montrose had formerly decayed.'—*Ib.* pp. 562—565.

The length of these extracts compels us to pass briefly over what followed, which we regret the less, as the general outline of events is well known. 'The Western Campaign' of Jeffreys is unparalleled in English jurisprudence. He followed up the butchery of Kirke, and in earning the thanks of his master drew on himself the unextinguishable hatred of his countrymen. The state of parties had invested Monmouth with a character of which he was wholly unworthy. He was hailed as the champion of Protestantism, and thousands repaired to his standard with the view of preventing the fires of Smithfield from being rekindled. There was a fatal error in this, but it was the error of the day, and the Nonconformists partook of it largely. Mr. Macaulay computes the number hanged by Jeffreys at three hundred and twenty, which is a much lower estimate than that of other writers. He founds his statement on the returns sent to the Treasury by the judges, but it is open to serious doubt whether those returns were complete. There was great irregularity and much haste in many of the trials, and the motives which influenced Jeffreys in several cases, were not such as he would wish



to have too closely scrutinized. 'Very few of the convicts professed any repentance for what they had done. Many, animated by the old Puritan spirit, met death, not merely with fortitude, but with exultation. It was in vain that the ministers of the Established Church lectured them on the guilt of rebellion and on the importance of priestly absolution. The claim of the king to unbounded authority in things temporal, and the claim of the clergy to the spiritual power of binding and loosing, moved the bitter scorn of the intrepid sectaries. Some of them composed hymns in the dungeon and chaunted them on the fatal sledge.'

The power of James was at its highest at the close of 1685. The Whig party seemed extinct. Its name had become a by-word and reproach, the parliament was devoted to the king, and the church was louder than ever in the profession of the extreme doctrines of Toryism. The best men of the day saw with alarm and bitter mortification the dangers which threatened the country; but we probably owe to the complete triumph of the court the reaction which speedily ensued. James was amongst the least reflecting of mankind. He was incapable of foresight or discretion. Under adverse circumstances he would blindly have pursued his scheme, and was therefore encouraged, even to infatuation, by the triumph which had hitherto marked his career. His most sagacious counsellors advised him to pause, and to make his ground sure before proceeding further. He had done much for the prerogative; had put down a popular insurrection; had conducted its leaders to the scaffold, and struck terror into the heart of a brave and generous people. The crown was now settled on his head, its power uncurtailed, and its resources more ample than ever. Had he therefore listened to the counsels of prudence, and been content with a slow and stealthy working out of his policy, there is no saying what might have been the result. Many of the most eminent Roman Catholics, and even the Pope, were of opinion 'that the interests of their Church in our island would be more effectually promoted by a moderate and constitutional policy.' But it is useless to speculate on a contingency which the character of James precluded. He was self-willed and obstinate, and took to his confidence the very men whose counsels hastened his ruin. The repeal of the Test Act was therefore resolved on, and Halifax, who had hitherto served the king, was dismissed from office, and his name struck out of the council-book, because he refused to support the measure:—

'It soon became clear that Halifax would have many followers. A portion of the Tories, with their old leader, Danby, at their head, began to hold Whiggish language. Even the prelates hinted that there was a point at which the loyalty due to the prince must yield to higher

considerations. The discontent of the chiefs of the army was still more extraordinary and still more formidable. Already began to appear the first symptoms of that feeling which, three years later, impelled so many officers of high rank to desert the royal standard. Men who had never before had a scruple, had on a sudden become strangely scrupulous. Churchill gently whispered that the king was going too far. Kirke, just returned from his western butchery, swore to stand by the Protestant religion. Even if he abjured the faith in which he had been bred, he would never, he said, become a Papist. He was already bespoken. If ever he did apostatize, he was bound by a solemn promise to the Emperor of Morocco to turn Mussulman.' —Vol. ii. pp. 13, 14.

The Houses met on the 9th November, and the royal speech, composed by James himself, congratulated them on the suppression of rebellion, and announced that considerable additions had been made to the army. So far, the king might calculate on the concurrence of his parliament, although a strong feeling existed, even amongst the Cavaliers, against a standing army. But James would not stop here. His despotic temper spurned concealment, and he proceeded therefore to reveal the extent to which he was prepared to stretch the prerogative. 'He informed his hearers,' says our author, 'that he had employed some officers who had not taken the tests; but he knew them to be fit for public trust. He feared that artful men might avail themselves of this irregularity to disturb the harmony which existed between himself and his parliament. But he would speak out. He was determined not to part with servants on whose fidelity he could rely, and whose help he might perhaps soon need.' The Upper House passed a vote of thanks, but the Commons demanded time for consideration, and ultimately came to a vote, by a majority of one, against the court. Some members of the Government, and several of its retainers, voted on this occasion with the country party. One of the latter, Captain James Kendall, who had been sent to parliament, in obedience to a royal mandate, by a packed corporation in Cornwall, on being reminded by Middleton at the bar of the House, that he had a troop of horse in his majesty's service, coolly replied: 'Yes, my lord, but my elder brother is just dead, and has left me seven hundred a year.' So insecure was the foundation on which the king relied, and so various the motives which determined the course of his opponents. The heedlessness with which he aroused opposition, was equalled by his utter incapacity to deal with it. His only resort was to force, which he employed with a rashness still more injurious to his cause. On the 13th November, those clauses of the king's speech which respected the Test were taken into consideration, and an address was resolved on, reminding

his majesty 'that he could not legally continue to employ officers who refused to qualify, and pressing him to give such directions as might quiet the apprehensions and jealousies of his people.'

The answer of James was a cold and sullen reprimand, and the House was speedily prorogued; immediately after which, many members were dismissed from the royal service, and the name of the Bishop of London was struck out of the list of privy-councillors. The situation of the Tory party was at this time most perplexing:—

'During many years,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'the zeal of the English Tory for hereditary monarchy and his zeal for the established religion had grown up together, and had strengthened each other. It had never occurred to him that the two sentiments, which seemed inseparable and even identical, might one day be found to be not only distinct but incompatible. From the commencement of the strife between the Stuarts and the Commons, the cause of the crown and the cause of the hierarchy had, to all appearance, been one. . . . He had seen the path of duty plain before him. Through good and evil he was to be true to Church and King. But, if those two august and venerable powers, which had hitherto seemed to be so closely connected that those who were true to one could not be false to the other, should be divided by a deadly enmity, what course was the orthodox royalist to take?'—*Ib.* p. 42.

The Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, brothers-in-law of the king, were of this party, as was also the venerable Ormond, who had grown grey in the service of the Stuarts. Several of the Catholic nobility, also, counselled moderation, but the Earl of Castlemaine, whose title had been purchased by the notorious dishonour of his wife, the Earl of Tyrconnel, one of the basest of libertines, who had pandered to the worst passions of James, by charging infidelity upon Anne Hyde, and a mob of Jesuits, headed by father Petre, succeeded in closing the royal ear against all the suggestions of experience and the admonitions of danger from his rash and headlong course. 'Edward Petre was descended from an honourable family. His manners were courtly; his speech was flowing and plausible; but he was weak and vain, covetous and ambitious. Of all the evil counsellors who had access to the royal ear, he bore, perhaps, the largest part in the ruin of the House of Stuart.'

The temper of James gave great advantage to those who advised him to eschew compromise and to insist on unconditional surrender. It was obstinate and imperious as his understanding was dull, and he therefore readily lent himself to their policy. Like other weak men, he accounted for events by the most shallow and flimsy causes imaginable. What had no relation, or only a very distant one, to some apprehended evil, was regarded



as its cause, and to avoid this was to ensure exemption from the other. 'I will make no concessions,' he often declared; 'my father made concessions and he was beheaded.' His folly was also shown in the confidence with which he relied on the members of the Church of England conforming their practice to their theory. 'It had, he knew, been proclaimed from ten thousand pulpits, it had been solemnly declared by the University of Oxford, that even tyranny as frightful as that of the most depraved of the Cæsars, did not justify subjects in resisting the royal authority; and hence he was weak enough to conclude that the whole body of Tory gentlemen and clergymen would let him plunder, oppress, and insult them without lifting an arm against him.' He ought to have known, from his own experience, that men frequently do what they deem wrong, and his intercourse with mankind might surely have convinced him that nothing is more fallacious than to reason from the abstract opinions of men to what their conduct will be in given circumstances. James, however, was as inaccessible to reason as to mercy. He was as incapable of appreciating the one, as his temper was foreign from the other. His infatuation was encouraged by Sunderland, whose evil genius stooped to any baseness by which his cupidity and lust of power could be gratified. On the other hand, it is melancholy to relate, that the Protestant ministers of the king employed the vilest agencies to defend their Church. Catharine Sedley possessed unbounded influence over the royal mind, and this illicit connexion was used to defend the Protestant faith. The Catholic party, though tolerant of other vices, discountenanced this, and urged the king to banish Catharine from his palace. They dreaded her influence, for she was politically Protestant, though living in notorious vice. Rochester and others 'conceived a hope that their master's infatuation for this woman might cure him of the more pernicious infatuation which impelled him to attack their religion. She had all the talents which qualified her to play on his feelings, to make game of his scruples, to set before him in a strong light the difficulties and dangers into which he was running headlong. Rochester, the champion of the Church, exerted himself to strengthen her influence. Ormond, who is popularly regarded as the personification of all that is pure and high-minded in the English cavalier, encouraged the design. Even Lady Rochester was not ashamed to co-operate, and that in the very worst way. Her office was to direct the jealousy of the injured wife towards a young lady who was perfectly innocent. The whole court took notice of the coldness and rudeness with which the queen treated the poor girl on whom suspicion had been thrown; but the cause of her majesty's ill humour was a

mystery. For a time the intrigue went on prosperously and secretly. Catharine often told the king plainly what the Protestant lords of the council only dared to hint in the most delicate phrases. His crown, she said, was at stake: the old dotard Arundel and the blustering Tyrconnel would lead him to his ruin.' Such an intrigue, conducted by such parties, for such an end, throws a more gloomy light on the state of public morals than the worst scheme of the Papal faction; and we rejoice to learn that it proved abortive. Its triumph would have been far more pernicious than any injury the bigotry of James could inflict. Even its temporary success was fraught with evils which were felt for years. It loaded the Protestant faith with infamy, gave to the Catholics an immense advantage over their opponents, and divested the contest of its higher and more sacred attributes. Happily, the obstinacy of James broke up the intrigue. In opposition to the earnest entreaty of his mistress, she was gazetted Countess of Dorchester, which so effectually aroused the queen that she insisted on her banishment from court.

The king now resolved on obtaining from Westminster Hall a decision in favour of his dispensing power. He had long treated the law as a nullity, but his temper was fretted by the knowledge of its existence, and he resolved on its abolition. He was not content with the progress, unscrupulous as it had been, hitherto made, and therefore applied to the courts of Common Law to legalize the power he exercised. Four of the judges, violent Tories, some of whom had accompanied Jeffreys on the Western Circuit, declined to lend themselves to his policy. Among these was Jones, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who had hitherto shrunk from no service which his master enjoined. He was plainly told that he must give up his opinion or his place. "For my place," he answered, "I care little. I am old and worn out in the service of the crown; but I am mortified to find that your majesty thinks me capable of giving a judgment which none but an ignorant or a dishonest man could give." "I am determined," said the king, "to have twelve judges who will be all of my mind as to this matter." "Your majesty," answered Jones, "may find twelve judges of your mind, but hardly twelve lawyers." His dismissal immediately followed, together with that of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and of two puisne judges.

James did not even make any secret of his intention to exert vigorously and systematically for the destruction of the Established Church all the powers which he possessed as her head. He plainly said that, by a wise dispensation of Providence, the Act of Supremacy would be the means of healing the fatal breach which it had caused. Henry and Elizabeth had usurped a dominion which rightfully belonged to the

holy see. That dominion had, in the course of succession, descended to an orthodox prince, and would be held by him in trust for the holy see. He was authorized by law to repress spiritual abuses ; and the first spiritual abuse which he would repress should be the liberty which the Anglican clergy assumed of defending their own religion and of attacking the doctrines of Rome.'—*Ib.* p. 89.

An ecclesiastical commission, in imitation of the Court of High Commission, was now appointed, and directions were issued by the king forbidding the clergy to preach on the points in controversy between them and the Roman Church. These directions were felt to be one-sided, and the spirit of the clerical order rose against them. Within the precincts of the palace the dogmas of the Papacy were zealously propounded, while 'the church of the great majority of the nation was forbidden to explain and defend her own principles.' The natural result followed. Alarm and indignation pervaded the kingdom. Rude mobs assailed the papal worship, the memory of Smithfield revived, and contending sects learned in the presence of a common foe to forget their mutual wrongs, and to unite for the defence of a common faith. 'The discontent,' Barillon wrote to his court in July, 1686, 'is great and general ; but the fear of incurring still worse evils restrains all those who have anything to lose. The king openly expresses his joy at finding himself in a situation to strike bold strokes. He likes to be complimented on this subject. He has talked to me about it, and has assured me that he will not flinch.'

The dismissal of Rochester and Clarendon speedily followed, and marked 'a great epoch in the reign of James.' The least credulous were compelled to admit the sinister designs of the court. A general proscription was thought to be at hand, and the more earnest spirits of the age began to prepare for one of those death-struggles, which great interests alone can induce. There was evidently no alternative left. The king had resolved on the establishment of Catholicism, and loss of place or apostasy from Protestantism was submitted to the choice of his servants.

James was probably astonished at the opposition he had encountered. It is marvellous that he should have been so. His own zeal for the Papacy while living in open vice, ought to have prepared him for the tenacity with which courtiers and libertines, corrupt judges and unscrupulous soldiers, a dull squirearchy and an intolerant priesthood, clung to the new form of Protestantism. He had, however, failed, notwithstanding all his violence and tyranny, and he now turned to the Protestant Dissenters, in the vain hope of rendering them subservient to his policy. They had been the opponents of his grandfather, of his father, and of his brother. They had broken the



power of the first Charles, and had been the strength of the party whom the stormy tribuneship of Shaftesbury alone prevented from curbing the tyranny of the second. They had clamoured for the Exclusion Bill, and in their hatred of Popery had welcomed even Monmouth as a deliverer. James had been their bitter persecutor in Scotland, and was always foremost in counselling the most atrocious measures against them. To these sectaries he now turned with a meanness which awakens disgust, and a hypocrisy to which few parallels are found save in the annals of the Inquisition. On the 4th April, 1687, a Declaration of Indulgence was published, in which James affected the advocacy of religious liberty, declared that conscience ought not to be forced, and condemned persecution as vicious in principle, and disastrous in its effects. 'He suspended all penal laws against all classes of Nonconformists. He authorized both Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters to perform their worship publicly. He forbade his subjects, on pain of his highest displeasure, to molest any religious assembly. He also abrogated all those acts which imposed any religious test as a qualification for any civil or military office.' It would not have been surprising if Dissenters had fallen into the snare set for them. The king's Indulgence offered them deliverance from terrible evils. For nearly thirty years they had been given over a prey to the persecutor. Their ministers had been silenced, the sanctity of their homes invaded, their meetings for worship broken up. Hundreds of the vilest of mankind were let loose upon them, and earned their daily bread by acting as spies for those in power. The prisons of the kingdom were literally crowded with their brethren. Thousands had been reduced to penury, vast numbers sought a refuge in foreign lands, and many hundreds passed from their prison to the grave to bear witness at the bar of the Eternal against the persecuting spirit of the hierarchy. What wonder, therefore, would it have been if the Protestant sectary had welcomed deliverance, come whence it might, and had deemed it even sweeter if it involved the humiliation and defeat of the Church from which he had suffered so severely? 'The declaration, despotic as it might seem to his prosperous neighbours, brought deliverance to him. He was called upon to make his choice, not between freedom and slavery, but between two yokes; and he might not unnaturally think the yoke of the king lighter than that of the Church.' The Church entertained the most serious apprehensions. Her rulers were dismayed by the league projected against her, and re-acted the same part as had deluded the Presbyterians of the Restoration. We are not indisposed to do honour to the moderate men of the Church, but their number was small, and their influence had

been a nullity. The great body of the clergy were as bitterly hostile to the Nonconformists, as the Roman Catholics of Mary's reign had been to the Protestants, and had evinced their hostility as far as the feeling of the age permitted. The fires of Smithfield were not indeed rekindled, but scarcely a prison in the kingdom but had witnessed the death of some noble confessor whom their bigotry had consigned to the tortures of slow decay. The tide of affairs, however, had now turned, and an analogous change was instantly visible in the language of the clergy.

‘Of the acrimony and scorn with which prelates and priests had, since the Restoration, been in the habit of treating the sectaries, scarcely a trace was discernible. Those who had lately been designated as schismatics and fanatics were now dear fellow Protestants—weak brethren it might be, but still brethren, whose scruples were entitled to tender regard. If they would but be true at this crisis to the cause of the English constitution and of the reformed religion, their generosity should be speedily and largely rewarded. They should have, instead of an indulgence which was of no legal validity, a real indulgence, secured by act of parliament.’—*Ib.* p. 218.

Want of space does not permit our entering largely on this subject. It is beyond all question that the conduct of Dissenters, as a body, was worthy of the occasion; at once honourable to themselves and serviceable to their country. No thirsting for vengeance, no mean consideration of personal interests, was permitted to influence their course. They saw through the policy of the king, and they heartily despised it. As on other occasions, they were willing to be sacrificed, rather than surrender the liberties of England. There was scarcely a market-town in the kingdom which did not contain some Dissenters, and though circular letters, imploring them to sign addresses of thanks were sent to every corner of the nation, yet, as Mr. Macaulay affirms, ‘all the addresses which could be obtained from all the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, scattered over England did not in six months amount to sixty; nor is there any reason to believe that any of these addresses was numerously signed.’ Baxter and Howe, John Bunyan and Kiffin, headed the opposition, and their brethren nobly responded to their counsel. Neither entreaty nor threats could move them. They were not to be cajoled or intimidated. Kiffin was introduced to the royal presence, and, amidst a brilliant circle, was assured of the favour of the king. But the old man remembered his two grandsons, ‘those gallant youths who, of all the victims of the Bloody Assizes, had been the most generally lamented.’ He had pleaded earnestly for their lives, but without success; and now stood face to face with the tyrant who had ordered them to death. “I have put you down, Mr. Kiffin,” said James, “for

an Alderman of London." The old man looked fixedly at the king, burst into tears, and made answer, "Sir, I am worn out; I am unfit to serve your majesty or the city. And, sir, the death of my poor boys broke my heart. That wound is as fresh as ever. I shall carry it to my grave." The king stood silent for a minute in some confusion, and then said, "Mr. Kiffin, I will find a balsam for that sore."

Want of space compels us to pass over Mr. Macaulay's narrative of what took place at Cambridge and Oxford. The infatuation of the king would be incredible, were we not aware of the influence of bigotry over a dull and obstinate mind. His measures effectually alarmed the Church, broke up the coalition which had subsisted between it and the throne, and displaced the feeling of loyalty by that of a yet higher and more potent passion. Proceeding onwards, he put forth a second Declaration of Indulgence, on the 27th April, 1688, and, on the 4th May, directed that it should be read on two successive Sundays, at the time of Divine service, by the officiating ministers of all the churches and chapels of the kingdom. This Order in Council filled up the measure of his tyranny, and brought the struggle to a crisis. The Puritan body hastened to make common cause with the Church, and 'the zeal of the flocks outran that of the pastors.' The Archbishop, Sancroft, and six of his suffragans, signed a petition to the king, entreating his majesty to reconsider the case, and to withdraw his injunction. James, however, was inexorable. His harsh temper was rendered yet harsher by opposition, and he resolved to break the spirits of men whom he could not render traitors to their religious faith. Of the events that followed we cannot speak. A more deeply interesting narrative than that which is given of the trial of the seven bishops, is not to be found in our language. It is detailed in a style worthy of the great occasion, and will be adduced in coming times as a noble specimen of the flexibility, grace, strength, and splendour, of which historical composition admits.

We shall await the further publication of his 'History' with intense desire, and, in the meantime, renew the expression of our judgment that, in the volumes before us, Mr. Macaulay has rendered a service to his country which will enrol his name amongst her most illustrious and honoured sons.



ART. II.—*Somerville's National Wealth Tracts, Nos. I.—III., on Capital and Labour—National Wealth and Political Economy—The Siege of Paris.* Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street Without. June—July, 1848.

THESE tracts on Economical Science are adapted to supply one of the most crying wants of the time—cheap instruction for the people, in regard to the philosophy of their industrial condition. Simply expressed, there is nothing in the elements of political economy which might not be taught and comprehended by a child of ten years old. This elementary instruction, every really wise father will regard as just as essential to the education of his children as arithmetic. The principles of free trade are truths of which it is as great a disadvantage to be ignorant, as of the art and science of numbers. Industrial or economical notions of some sort cannot be excluded from any mind, and if not early filled with truth, it will become prejudiced and pre-occupied by the fallacies and maxims which make the science of wealth the knowledge of how to beggar our neighbours. If a good tutor had made Lord Stanley comprehend, in his youth, that free trade meant the best price for every commodity for every body, his speeches would have been on the side of good, and not of evil. Here we may record an anecdote which shows how great a national blessing may come from placing in the way of youth a few volumes of popular illustrations of the elements of political economy.

We were told by the late Earl of Durham that he had succeeded in inducing the Duchess of Kent to read with her daughter the whole series of Miss Martineau's *Tales*, in illustration of political economy. The young Princess becomes Queen; the liberal Earl dies a broken-hearted man. Years revolve, and free trade becomes the great question of the day. When calculating the strength of the cause of right against wrong, many wonder what the Queen will do? Monopolists surround her. But she had not read in vain. Her Minister, who was nobly struggling amidst a coil of difficulties to make the food of the people free, found in her a warm and intelligent assistant and admirer. In the ingenuous years of youth, her mind had perceived economical truths, and the interested partizans of error could no more turn her Majesty against it, than they could persuade her that twice two make five. Now this elementary reading, we submit, was a beneficial thing for the people, and quite as good a circumstance for the crown.

Mr. Somerville appeals for support to capitalists and labourers, and states good reasons why they ought to encourage his attempt to teach the truths of political economy popularly:—

*'To Capitalists.*—All men are in one sense capitalists. But those are here addressed, who possess a store of commodities more than sufficient to the supply of their own wants, and dispose of that store for the supply of the wants of other persons, receiving other commodities or money in return. Also those capitalists who possess a store of money, and dispose of a part of it for the commodities called raw materials, and for instruments and machinery and house-room, or land; and part of it to persons possessing strength and skill to change the quality, shape, uses, and value of the raw materials, by working with the instruments or machinery within the house-room or upon the land. To such capitalists it must be a duty to themselves, and to the nation of which they are a part, to understand clearly the natural principles upon which capital accumulates or wastes; and not less so that every person whose foot, whose hand, whose hammer, whose chisel, whose knife, or other instrument, comes in contact with that capital, should also clearly understand the same natural principles.

*'To Labourers.*—All men are in one sense labourers. But they who are at present addressed under this head are such as possess no capital beyond strength and skill, and who use their strength and skill to change the quality, shape, uses, or value of commodities for an employer, and who receive in return a share of the employer's profits, or a share of his expected profits, called wages. It is as indispensable to the social well-being, to the moral advancement, as to the professional excellence of such labourers, to understand the naturally economic principles which govern wages, upon which principles the first steps must be taken to rise above the condition of working for wages, upon which the first steps must be taken to become self-employers, or to provide commodities for others to work upon, and instruments, machinery, and workshops, wherewith others may work.'

*'All men are in one sense capitalists;'*—*'all men are in one sense labourers.'* We know no more important truth in economics than this, for it teaches that the distinctions which separate the industrious people into an employing class and an employed class, are only convenient for the sake of clearness occasionally, and have no correspondent realities among men. A box of tools is as really capital as a steam engine. A pen is as truly a weapon of labour as a spade. All producers belong to one fraternity. The industrious are really different only from the idlers. Capitalists and labourers, employers and employed, are only aspects of men, they are not distinctions between industrious men. Hence the identity of interests of all producers. The man whose combinations of accumulations and skill produce a manufactory is not less a producer than the man who produces a web. The production of an invoice is a work of labour as truly as the production of a house.

Most of the distinctions of society have no better origin than pride. In a former number we have shown that the artificial distinctions of rank affect only individuals, and never reach families.\* The improvement of the common lot is the thing which the most enlightened selfishness, as well as Christian duty, prescribes as the interest of all families. But it is noteworthy that the great majority of the industrious and producing population go through every one of the various aspects frequently. There is more of the aristocratic spirit than there is of economical truth in the distinctions which are drawn between capitalists or employers, and labourers or employed. By making as wide a distinction as possible between himself and his journeyman, the master fancies he approaches nearer to that darling ideal which aristocracy has taught to modern pride—the lord and the serf. The tradesman and the clerk learn to talk of ‘the lower orders.’ Men abound who are ashamed of the condition of their fathers and of their youth. Men who began life in the condition of labourers think they have done a feat to boast of if they have changed their condition to that of employers. This is called ‘raising themselves’ in the scale of society, in deference to the aristocratic division of classes into higher classes, middle classes, and lower classes. Here we beg leave to make a quotation from a book which must be extremely scarce and rare in Europe, else its remarkable denunciation of the division of men into aristocracy and democracy, or higher and lower classes, never could, we should imagine, have obtained acceptance and prevalence.

‘But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the Princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you, but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.’

The words by which we express the mischievous distinctions which have filled the world with violence, are derived from the Gentiles, and were the words they used themselves when the great tyrannized over the small, and the few over the many. The servant is greatest in this passage. But, the idler is greatest in modern society. According to this authority, the working classes, the servants of all, are the only great. The most offensive forms of pride in Europe are to be seen in the conduct of the labouring men who have made themselves rich. The very condition which enriched them, they have treated as a

\* See Sabbath Economics, p. 174, of the ‘Eclectic Review’ for August.



thing of shame. Nothing pleases the men who pay wages better than to be told that, in the nineteenth century, their relation to the men who are paid wages is precisely similar to the relation between the feudal baron and his retainers. Hence, the fierce resentments with which these men are regarded, and the fact which Lord John Russell declares, that, as Home Secretary, he had never been required to send the military to protect the mansions of the landlords, but he had often been solicited and compelled to send the soldiers to protect the mills of the manufacturers. The receivers of wages are not more in want of instruction in the principles of political economy, than the payers of wages are in want of instruction in the doctrine of dignity taught by Jesus Christ to his disciples.

Mr. Somerville makes the siege of Paris the subject of his third tract.

‘On the 1st of July, 1848, Mr. Cobden, M.P., after reading the “National Wealth Tract, No. 2,” published on that day, wrote to the author expressing his approval, and suggesting as follows:—“I suggest that you make the striking events of the day the pegs for your arguments. What a lesson is there for you to moralize on in Paris! Turn it to good. Trace the blood of generals, citizens, and workmen, which crimsoned the streets of Paris, (not forgetting that most sublime of modern historical incidents, the martyrdom of the good archbishop;) trace it up to the innocent but ignorant authors of the tragedy. It was Louis Blanc, honest enthusiast as I believe him to be, and his followers, who really dug the trenches, raised the barricades, and converted the streets of Paris into a field of battle. They who taught the working men that a government can feed and employ the people, instead of teaching them, as a fundamental condition of freedom, it is for the people to feed and clothe themselves, aye and to support and pay the government, they it was who by appearing to have deceived the working men, but who, in reality, were self-deluded, that provoked the terrible outbreak which led to such havoc and slaughter. Nothing but the inculcation of sound views of Political Economy can preserve *us* from the danger of similar calamities. Let your next number be *the Siege of Paris*. Show, in your own familiar way, what are and what are not the functions of a government of free men.”’

This letter is full of the characteristics of Mr. Cobden. ‘Make the striking events of the day the pegs of your arguments.’ This shows that the honourable member for the West Riding has realized the secret of successful journalism. ‘It is for the people to feed and clothe themselves, aye, and to support and pay the government,’ and this ought to be taught ‘as the fundamental condition of freedom.’ This is excellent, wholesome, and needful doctrine. But here our pleasure in agreeing with Mr. Cobden ceases. He is all wrong, we respectfully submit, in his historical statements. M. Louis Blanc had nothing

to do with the national workshops. 'Those who have taught the working men that a government can feed and employ the people,' have been the ecclesiastical and oligarchical leaders of Europe for many centuries, from the date of the erection of the first *workhouse* or *almshouse*, down to the Whig Public Works in Ireland. These institutions embodied nothing new. When in Rome, Mr. Cobden might have seen labouring men wheeling earth in barrows with stately ease, and, if there was the lightest shower, with their cloaks on, and, if he had inquired, he would have been told that they were labourers whom the Pope was bound by law to employ and to pay at the rate of a 'Paul' a day, which is about sixpence. Moreover, when the Executive Commission summoned the National Guard to the suppression of the insurrection, they signed their names to a proclamation which authenticates and declares the fact, that at the commencement the insurgents displayed at their barricades 'the flags of all the pretenders.' Louis Blanc has taught that the State ought neither to be the feeder nor the employer of the poor, but that the State ought to be the banker of the poor. It ought to lend them capital. With Mr. Cobden we think this an erroneous view of what a government ought to do, but it was not adopted, and, therefore, could not have had any share in causing the insurrection. It would be hard to make M. Louis Blanc responsible for the consequences of the rejection of it. Food for all and work for all, are old European ideas, of which M. Louis Blanc disapproves, along with Mr. Cobden and Mr. Somerville. The destruction of credit and the stoppage of trade consequent upon the overthrow of a dynasty, itself preceded by a period of dearth, and the gold of the pretenders lavished on a city population which has not had either the relief of a poor-law, or the moral drainage for its criminals of a Sydney or a Norfolk Island, these are circumstances explanatory of the siege of Paris, feasible, tangible, and accordant with facts. M. Louis Blanc is one of the most calumniated men in Europe, and we are sorry men like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Somerville should repeat the sinister slanders, by which oligarchical intriguers impute their own guilt to the innocent.

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- ART. III.—1. *An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England.* By the late Thomas Rickman. Fifth Edition. With very considerable Additions and new plates. London and Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1848.
2. *The Archæological Journal of the Archæological Institute.* Vols. I.—IV. London: 1845-8.
3. *The Journal of the British Archæological Association.* Vols. I.—III. London: 1846-8.
4. *The Ecclesiologist.* Published by the Ecclesiological, late Cambridge Camden, Society. Vols. I.—VIII. London: Masters. 1841-8.

It is now somewhat less than a century since the clear-sighted artist, James Barry, might have been found confidentially discoursing to his too indulgent patron, Burke, of that 'barbarous architecture called Gothic,' and its 'detestable characteristics,' and of the general 'baseness of Gothic taste;' since Warburton and Horace Walpole vented their puerile conceits on the *invention* of this *taste*; and since the whole muster-roll of writers on the matter—contemporaneous or antecedent—of any, the slightest feeling or worth, comprised but three names: those of the poets Thomas Warton and Gray, and of the Rev. J. Bentham. Scanty as was the then existing amount of intelligence among us on this head, it had been preceded by a scantier; by times when Wotton, Wren, and the gossip Evelyn, had, after the fashion of their continental teachers, put forth conjectures and dogmas about the 'Goths' and their architecture, as trivial, as irrelevant, as obtuse, as their authors had been discussing confectionary or Parisian fashions—or any other topic, about which the betrayal of knowledge and feeling may not be reckoned imperatively binding on the discourser. Preceded by a yet narrower, it was followed by a larger and fuller appreciation. The Society of Antiquaries, after dozing for some half century of its existence, over the gleanings of a few old gentlemen's morning rambles, began to assume a more efficient life in its publications. In its illustrations of some among our cathedrals and conventual remains, more especially, it, through the aid of its architectural draughtsman, John Carter, laid the foundations of a more accurate acquaintance with the monuments of our ancient English architecture. Honest John Carter himself, too, did much on his own account, and by pen and pencil enthusiastically advocated the cause of that forgotten style.



The work was carried on by Britton, and his well-organized school of picturesque, yet architectural illustrators of our cathedrals and other mediæval remains; then by the elder Pugin, in his more purely scientific illustrations; by Wild, again, and others of the picturesque school; and up to the present day by numerous miscellaneous illustrators of Gothic architecture, as well continental as national, of various merit, and more or less determinate pretension. During the earlier portion of this period, the literary exponents of the ancient architecture were, for the most part, less edifying than their associates, the artistic. The controversialists and dogmatists come first: Milner, Sir James Hall, and others; with various contributors to the Antiquarian Society's 'Archæologia.' Much valuable time was lost in that interminable discussion about the 'origin of the pointed arch,' and the place of its nativity. *This* was the great question: to this were all others secondary; to this, the question of the origin of pointed or Gothic architecture itself narrowed. More practical and better-directed study has long since made it clear that this is but one point, out of many, to be resolved; that upon this one point the origin of the Gothic *system* depended but quite subordinately; many complex causes assisting to that great end. We now, moreover, feel even the general question of the gradual growth and first development of this fine architectural life of the mediæval time, interesting as it is, to be inferior to that of the determination of the *principle* of that life itself; its resolution, of value, only so far as forwarding this determination.

The origin of error in our theorizings, here as elsewhere, has ever consisted in this, that men, in the place of confining their observation and thinking to the specific phenomena themselves, and their history, have gone about essaying to build up a theory of their own: how such and such a supposititious cause *might* have led to such and such a known effect. In this particular branch of inquiry, the first man here in England to stand apart from the close phalanx of the 'Dryasdusts,' with their bootless disputations and dust-raising; to try his hand at something better, and lay the groundwork of a more accurate and actual theoretic knowledge of the matter discussed, was Thomas Rickman. The fifth and honourably illustrated, though but little augmented, edition of his 'Attempt,' is announced at the head of this article. Than this 'Attempt,' on its first appearance, a more important or modestly couched accession to the existing sum of knowledge in any one given direction of inquiry, was assuredly never bestowed upon the world. In the same track of sure, laborious investigation and exposition, followed the scientific writing of Whewell and Willis. The latter, in his architectural

histories of some among our cathedrals, annually contributed at the congresses of the Archæological Institute, still continues in a course of profitable exertion. In this latter direction, indeed, he has stepped forth as a reformer. In his histories, we have topographical narration, freed from that superlative long-windedness, that fatiguing comprehensiveness of historical gossip, inducing the historian to touch on all matters connected, however superficially, with the matter in hand; and from that resultant, prevailing inconsequence of discourse, which till his time so pre-eminently characterized this department of literary, or pseudo-literary composition. As regards, again, the general analysis and history of Gothic architecture in England, valuable increase and exposition of the store Rickman commenced have been made of late years, in the elementary handbooks of Bloxam and Paley; in some of the publications of the Cambridge Camden Society; and in the Oxford Glossary, with its full supplement of beautiful and largely diversified engravings. In addition to the works of Whewell and Willis, important contributions to our knowledge of foreign Gothic have been made through the personal instrumentality and artistic patronage of Gally Knight, as well as in the descriptive sketches of the Rev. J. L. Petit and some others. The general mass of recent elucidatory writing on Gothic architecture, in its aggregate amount and its novelty, forms by itself altogether an important feature in the literature of our time.

The actual active commencement of a deeper and finer theoretic appreciation and knowledge of Gothic architecture, in its own original conditions of life, and in its resultant bearings towards us of the present, may be said to date within the last fifteen years. One of the prominent characteristics of the theoretic life of our age, as well in Germany and France, as among ourselves, has been the revival—at first blind and unconscious, subsequently intelligent and gifted with sight—the general revival of a feeling of sympathy and appreciation for mediæval art. Revolutionary and progressive Europe has been also back-looking Europe, as decisively and pre-eminently. Now that it is too late to avail ourselves of one-half the working of the elder men, we study them and explore their remains; *sometimes* busy ourselves in *preserving* these. This revival of purely Christian artistic feeling, in its relation to architecture, has found in our own, as in other countries, a distinct and especially noteworthy theoretic embodiment: not now to mention that less consistent, it has realized practically. This embodiment, we have said, is of altogether recent growth. In some even of the earlier of the before-mentioned writing, is manifested much of this appreciation of the intrinsic artistic value, as well as

of the mere historic developments and relations, of Gothic architecture. The writings of A. Welby Pugin, however, are those in which this appreciation has been most determinately and pregnantly put forth. Allowing for something of intemperate expression of his own individual views of the right religious life, and for something—less prominent, but artistically speaking of more moment—of inadequacy of grasp in regard to his desired sustaining character of general secular architecture, consistently enough entailed by his religious views; with these allowances, his writings claim our sincerest gratitude, for the clearness and boldness with which true architectural principles have therein been elucidated and enforced. And not less worthy of our admiration is the manly frankness with which he has at times confessed to that prior comparatively imperfect knowledge, of which a consciousness has been arrived at, in his subsequent advance towards right conceptions of that architecture he at all times loved. Few men of our time that have done as much to claim our admiration, have been so misrepresented, nay, rabidly abused as he has been: with some even now standing as the stock type of a pariah class in artistic thinking.

Much of this has sprung from deficiency of feeling and inadequacy of knowledge in those abusing; much from ignorance of the man abused. Let those whose hostility originates in the latter course turn to his 'Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture,' and they will find him, so far from being a mere bigoted, indiscriminate revivalist, an earnest advocate of a fitting and natural modification to the wants and knowledge of our time, of the old architectural forms, and the old system of material; insisting only upon the choice of those general forms which most nearly affect us, which are Christian and national. Widely as we differ from him in religious doctrine and habits, utterly as we dissent from his exclusive canons in regard to the feasibility of religious character in religious structures; notwithstanding these differences, and others, all honour, we say, be to A. Welby Pugin; for all he has, architecturally speaking, thought and done, of highest worth and import.

Of the old fable of the fly and the wheel we are forcibly enough reminded, while detained by one particular section from out the general mass of active inquirers and talkers about mediæval architecture, who have sprung into public life during the last ten years. The *ecclesiological* party is a party narrowing the study of mediæval architecture to its ecclesiastical bearings—thus overlooking much of that remaining from the past most peculiarly addressed to the wants of our own day—discoursing of this partial study under the style of ecclesiology, as a *science*; and with most conspicuousness and purity repre-



sented by that Society, once, for a brief interval, so prominent and active, and widely known, as the Cambridge Camden, now leading a quieter existence under the title of the Ecclesiological. This party has actually done *something* for the increase of our knowledge in this direction; much alloyed with exaggerated pedantic emphasis on specialities, and general Puseyistical religious leaven. It *claims* to have done much more; to have been, in fact, originative of that tone of thought and feeling, of which it has been only an accidental embodiment. For as we have already intimated, this general transition of taste is altogether a much larger matter; belongs to the spirit of the Age, not to that of the universities, or of the Tractarian portion of the Establishment. This party, indeed, has been characterized as much by its petty pedantry, its arrogance, and ill-considered positiveness of assertion, as by its love of ancient art. Hence, no slight feeling of hostility was, at one time, roused against it among the professional architects; a feeling evidenced very strongly in some articles which appeared in 'Weale's Quarterly Papers,' articles not themselves revealing any very sure or deep artistic insight in their professional authors. The ecclesiological party has, as far as the leading architectural forms are concerned, attached itself to a right principle—*pro tem.*—a principle fitted to our present capabilities; in advocating simple *revival*. But, it is plain, they would not be competent to grapple with the 'To-come.' Precedent! precedent! may last our time, and advantageously; but no longer. And, in themselves, it is but a factitious, inconsistent life of their own of which these ecclesiological sticklers for the minute material forms of that Church, against whose spiritual dogmas, typified and represented by these forms, they profess to *protest*, show themselves possessed. The Church of England stands but a great Compromise, as it is. These men would make the compromise and the inconsistency yet more glaring; in that Church's structures, its services, its vestments, its entire outward conduct. To the cause of architectural revival abstractedly, this pseudo-Romanism of a party aiming to forward it, cannot but have produced evil. The question is properly a purely artistic one. As such it should be viewed, and as such exclusively, unmixed with alien matter; handled only with regard to its deep general artistic bearings. These, indeed, would be found important enough; affecting as well society at large, as the artist and amateur, in particular.

The two Archæological Societies which came into existence soon after the disruption of the Cambridge Camden were established on a wider basis, but one, on the other hand, not sufficiently determinate or practical. Societies of this kind may have five objects: the extension of archæological knowledge;

the facilitation of its general practical *study*; the preservation of existing monuments; their restoration; or the guidance of contemporaneous and prospective practical architectural working. These are all closely related; yet in some aspects independent. The Cambridge Camden essayed something in almost every one of these directions; and failed to preserve its existence. Its sister, the Oxford Architectural, has confined itself very much to the first of the enumerated objects—the extension of our miscellaneous knowledge; and lives, still, without having undergone so violent a shock as that which befel the offshoot of the other university. And the two central Archæological Societies, with the various other architectural and archæological societies now spread throughout the land, have pursued the same course, yet more strictly. With the exception of some subordinate sections, little has by them been done for the *partial* systematized facilitation of general study; *nothing* for its facilitation in its comprehensive and philosophic aspects. As to the preservation of existing monuments, the most important course of action such societies can propose to themselves, and the most pressingly needed, no general plan of efficient working has been adopted, or even thought of. Restoration, often an inevitable, always a noble but dangerous feasibility, proceeds at the present time rapidly enough without the interference of the societies; an interference indeed which, taken up on a large scale, would in itself be beyond their capabilities. Supervision and controlling advice are in this direction what is more demanded. The control again of current practical architecture can be only well accomplished indirectly, through the other channels. The natural progress of knowledge and taste constitutes here the only sure and efficient source and motive of good works.

In the works of Mr. Pugin, in the periodical writing of the ecclesiologists, and in detached essays of some among the more moderate High-church students of ecclesiastical architecture, true architectural principles mixed up with other alien matter have been enforced. The general philosophy of Gothic architecture taken abstractedly and comprehensively, remains yet undeveloped. But very partial gleamings of such have been arrived at. Innumerable have been the essays, elementary views, Puseyistical tales, &c., put forth of late years on the matter. At the commencement of the century, we had our antiquarian commentators and black-letter men, almost innumerable also; a class of writers by no means wanting to our own day. But the generality of writers of both classes are altogether incapable of *principles*: a fact on very early acquaintance made but too evident. Nature it is clear, designed them for other work. As for our religious friends of the new school, *one* idea

is enough for *them*. A Britton or a Dallaway again, is a very respectable kind of man, but, alas ! no hand at a generalization or a theory. Their acquired knowledge will not carry them thus far. Of the thinker indeed, without the pale of the library, more may be fairly predicated ever, than of the roter within.

In his comprehensive and learned historical essay on Architecture, Thomas Hope (*Anastasius Hope*) showed himself one more capable in this regard ; but unfortunately, the author of the 'Prospects of Man' was a system-monger, and somewhat of a mouther. And so, amid his sweeping generalization he fell into fundamental and notable errors ; as in his general estimate of English Gothic. And when this author *has* trusted himself to an idea, he has no misgivings ; but follows it whithersoever it will lead him. More recently, the Rev. J. L. Petit has manifested at least the earnest craving after some general guiding principles, and a faith in their importance. Much of great inferential value he has suggested or enforced. But in very essential regards he is deficient. Eclecticism, though the highest virtue, the last and best attainment of criticism, is in the practical pursuit of the theoretic arts, as in Morals—the practical Art of Life—the most emasculating vice, the most uncertain, treacherous ignis-fatuus : a principle of pseudo-life, ever without fruit or result. If the artist or the life-battler would effect aught consistent or real, he must work out *one* rule of action, and adhere to that, and make it fruitful. Mr. Petit, like his more learned predecessor Hope, is an eclectic, and an inculcator of eclecticism in architectural practice. A cinquecento Italian church, if it be only picturesque, holds the same rank with him as an object of the modern architect's imitation, as an English village church of the fourteenth century. Lord Lindsay again, in such brief portions of his 'History of Christian Art' as are devoted to architecture, has manifested a comprehensive and informing spirit of observation and thinking, with more than ordinary philosophic apprehension of the spirit of the several systems discussed. But this one too, has his weakness. He, too, is possessed by one or two 'fixed ideas,' which in fact rule *him*, not he *them* ; and which he does not lose sight of while treating of architecture.

A subordinate, but most important section of the general field of the philosophy of Gothic architecture, has been entered upon by inquirers like R. W. Billings, in their endeavours at working out some general guiding theory of Proportion ; endeavours, attended but with imperfect success. Under the larger head of the practical philosophic aspects of the Gothic system, as an organic whole, made up of an aggregate of multiform parts, much of great interest and value has been contributed in an article which appeared some years since, in the 'English



Review.' The *symbolism* of mediæval ecclesiastical architecture again, may well claim to fall under the category of the philosophy of the architecture generally. And this has latterly not been wanting in exponents: Pugin; Poole, with others from among the ecclesiological party; G. R. Lewis, and the translators of Durandus, an ecclesiastic of the thirteenth century, who treated, among other matters, of the formal regulations of the 'material church.' In the mediæval time, symbolism in truth played an important and artistically beautiful part, however far carried beyond chaste or reasonable limits, and prostituted to the service of doctrines, false, and in character heterogeneous. One who will calmly examine the matter, can scarcely fail to perceive this symbolism to have been the parent of much that was most essentially characteristic in the specific architectural development, and very much of beautiful fitness, and prevailing consistency of treatment, as well in the subordinate, as the general expression and meaning of the parts. But most of the writers mentioned have carried their interpretations to a contradictory and fanciful extent. The rose must bloom some hundred summers, ere it come to be accepted as the symbol of love; and as much perhaps of the symbolism of the mediæval church was the offspring of its architectural developments, as their parent. *General* rules on this head, moreover, in reference to details, are always calculated to be especially fallacious; for, as Lord Lindsay has, with unconscious significance, observed, nothing but an *arbitrary* and individual interpretation can resolve that life, originally the product of arbitrary and individual creation.

Towards the general *æsthetic* interpretation of Gothic architecture, still less has been done than under any other of the heads of its philosophy. This, indeed, is quite beyond the qualification of the most of those who have treated on Gothic architecture in any capacity. One has only to read somewhat of the writing of the ecclesiologists, the fervent worshippers of the old forms, and become familiar with the petty, narrow style of criticism, often ungenial, always inadequate, therein prevailing, to be assured of *their* incompetency. We can call to mind but one now among us who has publicly manifested fitness, were he to apply himself comprehensively to the matter, for such a task; so pregnant an one; so deep reaching and suggestive in its bearings. The author of 'Modern Painters,' one who has done so much in this regard for art in its kindred developments, who has raised *æsthetics* to an elevation it never before occupied among us, has already in incidental sort evinced his aptness for architectural thinking. Prior, however, to any successful effort in this kind, our general historic

knowledge must be enlarged and informed. A broad comparative history of Gothic architecture in Europe, embodying the result of recent researches in Germany, France, and Italy, as well as in England itself, will long, we fear, remain a desideratum. The elucidation of a *point* from out the system of mediæval archæology is as much as an English archæologist proposes to himself, in his highest flights.

If the progress in architectural taste, theoretically, and in feeling for mediæval art, made during the last half century, be noteworthy, that evidenced practically in some among our quite recent attempts at a Gothic revival, is not insignificant, though a progress by no means uniform or consistent. It was but at the commencement of our present nineteenth century, James Wyatt, the Infamous, played his memorable part in the way of *destroying* screens, choirs, sculpture,—not to mention one entire Norman chapter-house,—at Salisbury, Lichfield, Durham, and Oxford; to the end of *improving* the works on which he was engaged, and to the entire admiration of his ecclesiastic employers: a part not unattended by modified praise from antiquaries such as Dallaway, and others; though the voices of a small band, with old John Carter at their head, were even then to have been heard, uplifted in indignant protest. Till within the last fifteen years at the most, every structure to which the fancy term ‘Gothic’ had been determined on being affixed, was absolutely certain to resolve itself into an absurd, puerile parody; made up at once of the wildest, most inconsistent amalgamations, and the most offenceful, purposeless samples of uninformed copying and roting. Now, our Gothic revivals do struggle for a soul; sometimes attain one; always manifest some unconscious *sense* at the least, of the value of consistency and common sense. Through churches and abbeys and castles, for houses; through cheap stucco masks of that which may be well designated *comprehensive* ‘Gothic,’ for churches; we have advanced to Tudor houses built to look like houses, and to churches, often of creditable though imperfect design. For a Wyatt and a Wyattville, we Protestants have a Barry, and the architect of the new buildings in Lincoln’s Inn,—buildings in themselves so consistent and intelligible; not to mention now, the small band of contemporaneous ecclesiastical architects and restorers, of genuine merit and faithful working. And the Romanists, in the place of their whilom Italian importations, have their Pugin; for a Moorfields, a St. George’s.

The advance, however, is a partial one; restricted to a section of workers: but a section of the public indeed, being prepared to receive it. When an inevitable restoration of an ancient fabric is about to be commenced, it yet remains very much a matter of

chance what kind of an one it may prove—whether a destructive or a conservative. The beautiful renovation of the Temple Church in London had been but a few years preceded by the *semi-destruction* of that glorious work, St. Mary Overies:—*George Gwilt* the acting *architect*. At this present moment one from out the *two only* ancient ecclesiastical remains Edinburgh possesses is about to be quite gratuitously destroyed by a railway company, and succeeded by a coal-depôt. A startling and miserable piece of evidence this of the extreme which a blind, one-sided, uninformed, unleavened Practicalism has reached among us; and which, notwithstanding the deep theoretic aspirations of the more elevated section of contemporaneous thinkers, prevails among the mass; and rules tyrannically the whole community. Unspeakably sad and repining, are the feelings induced by losses such as these, proceeding in our own very day, and before our own eyes. When a fragment of beautiful art is displaced for aught of even superior claims, regret for that *annihilated* cannot but visit us. Thus we feel for the lost frescos of a Perugino, to which succeeded those of a Raphael. How much more then, when, as in architecture it has been during the last three centuries, such remains are demolished by those who could not under any circumstances call into being aught analogous, or in slightest regard equivalent to that destroyed. A bad restoration or mutilation again, is as if one of the stage Tate or Cibber versions of a play of Shakspeare's had been substituted *finally* for the original. That art indeed bound down to primary *material* conditions of being, is in all such developments peculiarly exposed to annihilative influences. The actual remaining sum of its past achievements is ever from this cause rapidly contracting. We could not well figure to ourselves the absolute *loss* of a lyric of a Milton or a Tennyson, or of aught of the dramatic manifestation of a Chaucer or a Shakspeare. And yet such lyrics and such drama within the range of formative and architectural art are disappearing from the world, day by day. We had need be wary of ourselves contributing to the progressive work of destruction; for time and nature do enough; and mere accident is not slow to forward their work. A *St. Stephen's Chapel* perhaps, is at one blow lost to us. And so much beautiful thought and consummate expression die out of the world for ever: an ineffably mournful death; for it is a final; a death to which no immortality ensues; the dissolution of all that was *most* immortal of the earthly part of those, who in their genius and working had won the privilege, even in earthly wise, of living yet a little longer than their fellows.

It has been urged against the recent activity of research and discourse on Gothic architecture, that such amounts to but a



narrow, partial movement in favour of architecture, taken generally: an objection founded in too loose and indeterminate a notion of the requirements of architecture. This very restrictiveness, in fact, has its ground in reason, and its justification in nature. It has been felt, and rightly,—and the feeling in such wise finds its unconscious expression,—that this one among the past developments *does* concern us, of the present; not so, the others. It has long been a discerned fact among the discerning, that architecture as a living tree lives not among us; that the best to which we have attained, nay, to which we just now may attain, is a revivalism. That this revival then, be well directed, and healthful, as far as it goes, is the matter to be seen to. In studying Gothic, we study architecture in the fullest development of its most essential primary conditions of being. As Shakspeare's drama is to the classic drama, so is our Gothic architecture—Gothic, Christian, Pointed, call it what we will—to the Greek,—not to mention the comparatively debased and inconsistent Roman system: both as primary constructive, and secondary æsthetic principles are concerned. Shakspeare teaches the artist to work *with nature*; and so does the Gothic architect. By this latter is most clearly and effectively developed the constructive and *real* principle; the principle of making the necessities of construction the natural root and reason of all beauty, as well as the basis of all mere after-decorative effect. 'Every building,' says Pugin, 'that is treated naturally, without disguise or concealment, cannot fail to look well.' And this in fact is the sum and effect of the Gothic architect's teaching. It is the constant reference and obedience to this most important of architectural postulates, prevailing in the Gothic system, which render its theoretic study and practical pursuit so valuable, and on the present time imperative; whether we ultimately adhere to its actual developed forms of life or not. It is only of very recent years any glimpse of the necessity of accepting this postulate has dawned upon our architects. And still, among most of those even professing for the nonce to revive Gothic, any certain, guiding principle is wanting; any general sustaining principle of working, such as in Gothic times pervaded all: patrons, architect, masons, artificers.

A knowledge of Gothic *detail* is now precise enough. Our architects in this regard find themselves in a very different condition from that of their unfortunate predecessors,—the *ornamental*, pinnacle and buttress men of a quarter of a century since: the fervent thorough-going enforcers of the *pointed arch*, *per se*, whether in a church or a drawing-room. Far slower has progressed the knowledge of first principles. Of this fact we have a lamentable exemplification in the river front of the

new Houses of Parliament: a mere mask, concealing those developments which it should reveal, which should mark the character of the building; long, but ineffective; tautologous, unmeaning, Italianizing; but too plainly the product of one bred in the Italian school; relieved only by its beauty and accuracy of detail. So again, at the bridge end, is to be noted the subdivision—for purposes of ventilation—of one *apparent* into two *actual* stories; a miserable solecism against architectural truth, and resultant worth. And in various portions of the pile there are to be found subordinate aspects, equally false and inconsistent. The Victoria tower, if carried out, and the interiors, will compensate for much. But in fact, the work was commenced *too soon*. It is since its commencement, our knowledge of Gothic architecture has so rapidly advanced. Barry himself has learned his lesson during its progress; and had he to begin again, would assuredly, make altogether another matter of it.

In works of the Gothic period, reality and consistency ever prevailed; with intelligibility, and fulness and variety of effect, for their offspring: as manifested in erections the most diverse; from the cathedral to the market-cross, from the collegiate mass or princely palace to the gentleman's mansion; and from this to a conduit or a bath. For this system of building was universal in its capabilities; as versatile and adaptive, as beautiful and sublime. And this, because its beauty, and sublimity, and grace, were *founded* on simplicity and reality. In fabrics of the roughest execution, the most ordinary destination, there were thus given excellence of construction and simple beauty of effect. A factory chimney would have then been rendered a picturesque feature; as, were similar principles followed, to those at that time prevailing, it might be now. And it is to be borne in mind, every part in a true Gothic construction was in itself graceful or beautiful, *as of course*; because it was not natural for the architect, the mason, or artificer, to contrive otherwise than in graceful forms,—than after one unaffected and precise, though flexible manner. Whereas now, nothing is more common than for a 'Gothic' architect to drop his domino—as Pugin has it—when thinking himself secure from public observation, and assume the 'sash-window style:' in other words, to relinquish the fatiguing feint of being architectural.

If, as we have intimated, it have become necessary to revive Gothic architecture, in order to work our way into the practice of *architecture at all*, equally needful must it be to confine ourselves to this one revival; and to its revival in its purest and most suitable developments. We in the first instance, too, must adhere strictly to those architectural forms already

developed ; mastering *them*, as we have not yet mastered them, ere we launch out into new, and so trip on the threshold ; bearing in mind the fate of those bold *improvers* of Gothic detail of the last century,—men who improved that, they knew not how to copy. But above all, the revival to be actual and fruitful, not merely empirical and resultless, must be exclusive ; exclusive, or not at all. Precisely contrary is the present practice, no more distinguishing characteristic of which exists, than its empiricalness, its instability, its want of faith in fact. The remarkable idiosyncrasy of the architecture of our immediate time has consisted in its wild eclecticism, and consequent nonentity. All previous times, it has been often remarked, possessed an individual prevailing style, however bad ; this, no one prevalent style or character. In our churches alone, this is saliently enough evidenced, though within a narrower range than elsewhere. For here revivalism holds sway, revivalism of mediæval forms. In the ‘Establishment’ indeed, the old unmeaning classicalism distorted and made easy, has been put completely *hors de combat*. And among the Nonconformists themselves, well meant mediæval attempts, though attempts mostly inconsistent and unordered, if not, as sometimes, mere parodies, have predominated. Mediæval revivalism then rules ; but a revivalism of the most heterogeneous and uncertain description : here Gothic, there Norman ; here foreign Romanesque, there Byzantine. And of Gothic itself, it is all a matter of hazard, whether first pointed, second pointed, or third be adopted ; though indeed but *one* even of these *can* be the fit or enduringly hopeful model. Street combinations of the most extraordinary character are thus brought about ; and scenic effects the most transparent. Sometimes, for the very same intimately allied group, styles the most removed will be adopted ; a Romanesque mask for the church, and a Tudor-fronted school. In our domestic architecture, the same variety prevails. Here the architect is Italian, there Tudor, here again Elizabethan. As to this latter style, much misapprehension prevails. It does not seem understood that all which is of worth in remains of this style, such as proportion, arrangement, accommodation, is essentially Gothic in principle ; all that is false, such as details and certain prevailing contours and minor forms, being a debased jumble of classic and nondescript. By eschewing the latter therefore, and studying the remainder ; always avoiding literal copying, and reverting to Tudor forms for guidance, in that adaption of ancient remains in the domestic, which modern wants necessitate ; profit may hereafter be derived from this source ; not otherwise. But notwithstanding we are eclectics in domestic as in everything else, the large



proportion of our current architecture in this sort is in the sash-window and nondescript style ; not more unarchitectural perhaps in principle, than the mass of our public buildings, but in addition, destitute of their classic or Gothic masks. The inartificial character of structure here becomes very thorough-going. An elevation in truth, on paper, of a wing of Russell-square, or a section of a given side of Baker-street, the stoutest (unprofessional) imagination could not with composure figure to itself.

The universally imitative and scenic system is in part the offshoot of that general absence of the primary constructive principle as a guiding rule of art, already noticed. It results in the utter negation of that most essential secondary characteristic of architecture proper, architecture actual and spontaneous : that of generic propriety. Insomuch, too, as architecture has ceased, at least for general purposes, to be anywise an art, existing only as a *practice*, utility and beauty being divorced ; we have departed from nature and her great principle, of a constant blending of the two. And we suffer the consequences. Those who lead a city life, find in the outward world which surrounds them, no exchange for the architecture of nature they have left behind, no material thought to occupy or sustain, to direct or suggest their musings. But all from that source is vacancy ; vacancy almost unbroken. Of how opposed a character must have been the aspect of an English city in the fifteenth century, to that it now presents. From the necessities of fortification restricted within relatively small space, it was even less favourably conditioned in a sanatory point of view than now ; though by no means that factitious aggregate of human working and human workers, such as is one of our modern large towns. From the prevailing abundance and consequent employment of wood, it was more exposed to fortuitous hazard ; but architecturally, it must have presented a singularly full and varied sum of beautiful and suggestive appearances. And it is a noteworthy anomaly in the history of art, of which this contrast reminds us. Our ancestors living in times of continual violence and resultant destruction, were an architectural people : we living in seasons of comparatively unbroken peace and security, are an unarchitectural.

For some few centuries, one general broad pervading spirit of artistic life prevailed in all regards, as to those arts actually developed in Europe ; in architecture, in the decorative arts—including even the artificers of costume—in sculpture ; and, though among us northern nations with far more limited expression, in painting. Then, architects were thinkers and poets ;

not eclectics and scene-shifters; adroit hashers of stale heterogeneous dishes; or at the best mere able *composers*. The sufficiently familiar surname Smith may be regarded as having then been a right honourable one; for the smiths of that day were all artists, more or less. Architecture in its highest reachings, in its varying perfection of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, stayed with us, as but a beautiful dream. But it afterwards became more widely extended in its application, diverse in its adaptation. The *leavings* of ecclesiastical design were for a while beautifully used up; transposed in civil and domestic design, and for civil and domestic purposes. And this latter development too, whatever the ecclesiologists may think, was artistically characteristic of the advancing time; a fitting and genuine growth. For as the Church—as mere Church—was losing in power, society and the Home were gaining. And this we may find beautifully expressed in the more elaborate and developed domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. And from this development, we of the present time may take a lesson. Now that art and thought no longer belong to the *Church*, but to the world, and that we Protestants, at least, do not *sacrifice* to God, or believe that we glorify him by gilding his altar, *civil* architecture must become the broader manifestation. Here, indeed, in some directions, might be realized, as the world shall progress, in the satisfaction of its varied highest needs, ample room for developments the most elevated, and comprehensively expressive.

Men have found it hard to account for the mediæval eminence in the arts of architectural design, and all therewith connected. But certain sustaining influences being given—in that period not wanting—we, for our own part, find this eminence far readier of belief than its opposite. The debasement and non-entity of modern time, rightly considered, it is, alone, which on their front bear need of explanation and justification. Among a certain party of revivalists, more distinguished for their ecclesiastical fervour than their philosophic insight, there has been much talk of the influence of a specific religious faith on the old artists. Doubtless this influence existed, and practically operated to no insignificant extent. *Beato Angelico*, or the architect of Cologne Cathedral, found expression in their works for a ruling faith, and a sensuous and imaginative, as well as a deep and exalted faith. But undue stress has been laid on this one point. A religious faith alone will not make an artist. The Catholic faith is by no means the only one to *assist* to this end. It is forgotten the office of the high artist is ever in itself a deeply religious one. Current worldly rewards, current worldly acclamations, cannot content him; he will not work for, alone.

Although, in any given direction of intellectual inquiry, a

spirit of investigation may, for a space, have been very energetic, and, among a certain limited class, much discourse may prevail about the results of the same, the general community may remain but comparatively little affected by all this. Thus it may become but too pressingly needful for some report of these results to be made to those of the latter class. And, in the present case, that the results attained should be not alone promulgated, but actively inculcated, is in the last degree essential. The current popular conceptions of Gothic architecture are at this present time by no means of a satisfactory order. This fact we find betrayed in literature. The old notion of Gothic wildness and irregularity, though by no means so rife as half a century since, still occupies the minds of cultivated men, as of many of refined, though imperfect taste. Such a simile as one in which the poet Campbell, not many years back, indulged, when speaking of Spenser's 'irregular Gothic tracery' as contrasted with Milton's precise classic forms, would scarcely, indeed, now escape from a *littérateur*. But great vagueness of allusion on the matter, springing from slight and imperfect knowledge, prevails. A novelist thinks it quite enough to call a window or an arch 'Gothic;' though, in perfect accordance with this designation, may be comprised windows and arches, in their architectural character, the most dissimilar or opposed. The need of provision in our schools and colleges of all denominations, for the facilitation of some knowledge of architecture, more especially Christian architecture, as of the fine arts generally, and the theory of the arts, has, in fact, long been apparent enough to a few. It is time the need should be more commonly apprehended. In the journals of the day, again, when indulging in architectural criticism, the lack of any certain intelligence on the matter is but too plainly evidenced in the loose, inconsequent, inconsistent character of the criticism. Even in a journal such as the 'Athenæum,' we have met with passages which, at the moment, made us mistrust whether they were not rather *excerpta* from 'Punch' which occupied its pages. As when, some time since, it was proposed to light the stained-glass windows of the new House of Lords during the hours of nightly sitting, from the *exterior*, through the means of some permanent lantern or other, as well as the interior, *to bring out the colours!* a most abominable suggestion;—or, more recently, to fit up the Nelson column with an assortment of candelabra!—or, again, with yet bolder contempt of common sense and decency, to transfer the proposed upper elevation of the Victoria tower, in its present position, the most Gothic and redeeming feature of the whole building, to a more central position in the general structure. No Chancellor of



the Exchequer, indeed, has been more considerably supplied with irrelevant suggestions than Mr. Barry. Were but half adopted, his building would present some remarkable appearances. An architect engaged in a conspicuous situation would seem to be regarded as the common property of all, in the way of gratuitous interference, and blundering doctoring. It is to be feared, under such treatment, exposed to so much of inadequate and contradictory criticism—the censure so seldom applied in the *right place*—architects cannot but be induced to condemn that public, which ought to have secured their respect. Even actual knowledge of art in its remaining developments by no means presupposes knowledge of or feeling for architectural art; as witness, in the last century, the miserable working, within our old churches, of Reynolds and West; to make way for whose irrelevant *transparencies*, how much beautiful pointed tracery was sacrificed. And, at the present day, notwithstanding distinguished and honourable exceptions, as from among the elder men, Etty, with the generality of practitioners of painting, lamentable ignorance and apathy prevail, in regard to this kindred and most august of all the arts.

The *results* of the investigations of scientific inquirers among us, such as Rickman, Whewell, Willis, and of the thoughtful expounders, such as Pugin, have, it cannot be too absolutely impressed upon the minds of *all*, gone to prove that Gothic architecture was in all regards a *system*, a deep, consistent, though spontaneous system of intelligent working; having inherent essential principles of life and action. Some of these, such as that of the prevailing verticality of lines—that of the apparent as well as actual sustainment of weights—that of the general display of artifices of construction, have been apprehended and determined. Of others, such as those regulating proportion, as well general as detailed, we are now essaying the unravelment. On the latter head, this much, however, is certain, the Gothic system was evidently not in any one, even subordinate regard, independent of proportion. Its scheme of proportion is simply of a more subtile order than that prevailing in the classic; and, in subordinate aspects, of a more flexible. In it, indeed, in its general proportions, and in its particular details, we have manifested to the fullest and most pregnant extent, that union of the two opposed, yet assimilative qualities, variety with uniformity, which belongs to all real construction, natural or artificial. As in a true sample of musical verse, so, in a true sample of Gothic architectural beauty and truth—the “*frozen music*” of Goethe,—uniformity prevails in variety, and the utmost specific variety amid the ruling uniformity.

The best, nay only sure key to a knowledge of the principles of Gothic architecture, is a knowledge of its history. Another, more suggestive study, the entire range of art will not offer. Here, amid the gradual development and progress of this beautiful, most consistent system of creative art: from the transmuted Greek and Roman of the early centuries of the Church, through the noble, but imperfect and contradictory Romanesque of those succeeding; through the commencement, in the twelfth century, of the Gothic itself as a developed scheme, to its perfection in the fourteenth; tracing, too, its setting glories in the fifteenth; with its ensuing total cessation—when architects and masons alike had lost the art of Gothic contrivance—a cessation, after every allowance for the new classic predilections of modern Europe, in its entirety and unreservedness remaining a startling mystery; here may be followed the growth and progress, and dissolution, of one of the grandest of the embodied developments of human genius. Aught in literature to compare with it, we know not, beside the development of the romantic drama itself: this latter development, indeed, from the very nature of the individual art to which it belongs, accomplished in briefer space; and in the case of the *One* greatest artist, with even more comprehensive fulness of manifestation. Some among the grander and sublimer efforts, efforts, however, often in general proportion more faulty, and in actual realization imperfect, the student of this history by its monuments, will find in Germany and northern France; some among those most generally satisfactory, and in specific execution, perfect, in our own land. English Gothic has not only a thoroughly marked individual character of its own, but an individual character of appropriate and ineffable beauty; a beauty in art, such as in nature, is that of our landscape, or of our women. Thus, in addition to its greater facility to an Englishman, the pursuit of the history as to be traced in existing English monuments alone, will be of peculiar interest and worth. And, notwithstanding the vast mass of beauty which, in the course of three centuries of apathy and Italian taste, has disappeared from us for ever, ample material for the study still remains. Our land is beautifully dotted over with such works of art; remains at once of antiquarian, associative, and architectural interest.

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ART. IV.—*Mary Barton; a Tale of Manchester Life.* In Two Vols. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall.

POLITICAL ECONOMY has laboured hard and long to solve the great problem of the misery of the manufacturing districts; without, in any remarkable degree, abating that misery. The vast masses of human beings who populate those districts are sunk in a destitution which has nothing beyond it, but the destitution of Ireland. The violent contrast of masters in palaces and men in cellars, of luxury in the few and frightful indigence in the many, are things that remain, spite of all philosophizing on the subject, and spite of all that Christianity can preach. There are few quarters of the globe where the gap between different classes of the community is so wide, so abrupt, and so startling. It is not a case of lords and serfs, with stolid, stupid, age-encrusted ignorance in the mass, and old, haughty, and unreflecting habits of domination in the handful of seigneurs, but of free and, in the main, most intelligent men:—of men, whether workers or employers, whether capitalists or paupers, who owe all that they enjoy or suffer to the same system. The masters, whatever their wealth, have, for the most part, sprung out of the labouring class. They know, or ought to know, what are the real conditions, feelings, and modes of reasoning, of the men. The men are not blind machines, but have long discussed the causes of their grievances with all the acuteness of logicians, and the sturdy discontent of Englishmen. They have murmured, and resisted too, times almost innumerable. Strikes and riots have borne witness to their sense of misery and determination to obtain redress. But the system has rolled on, enriching a few, crushing many, making wretched beyond description the bulk of the industrious masses. It has been in vain that the masters have talked of foreign competition and political causes—the men have pointed to the palaces in which they live in the worst of times, and the carriages in which they sweep along the streets past their own squalor and misery—and have been hardened in their unbelief in the arguments presented to reconcile them to their lot. It has been in vain that Christianity has been preached from church and chapel. They do not believe their sufferings as originating in the dispensations of Providence, but in the injustice of man. The arguments of patience and resignation, and the mystery of the sufferings of this life, have come with a very unconvincing aspect from those who had no need of



patience or resignation, and felt little of the mystery of distress that they spoke of. To these pleas, those of 'By their fruits shall ye know them,' and 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye *love* one another,' have been triumphantly opposed. There was no power in the chapel to still the murmurs of the factory. In this contest the Christianity that would defend, or, at least, palliate, the strange inequalities before their eyes, fell before the Christianity of charity and the heart. The worst of all was that Christianity itself suffered. Men who groan under evil influences, and have only the special pleading of a prosperity that does not succour, while they see Dives and Lazarus—still existent as of old—walk forth persuaded of the very opposite of that which was intended—they are persuaded that religion is a hoax, and that their oppressors know it. Is there a man who is at all conversant with the working classes, who is not aware of the vast extent of infidelity amongst these classes arising from this very source?

The labours of science have tended little or nothing yet to abate the evil. Science has produced machinery, but has not been able to produce from it the boastedly-anticipated fruits of general prosperity. Population has rapidly increased, but misery has increased faster. Wealth has increased, but has only run into a few redundant channels, leaving all beside dry, and burning in its barrenness. Political economists have talked wondrous wisely; but the facts which have followed are like the ghastly grins of a death's-head, where we have been taught to look for the smiles of a youthful beauty. The different classes have grown all the more hard and inveterate towards each other, from the endeavours to reconcile them, while you could not reconcile the distorted circumstances of their existence. The bland and learned words which have been poured on the heads of the operatives to persuade them that 'it was all right,' have been just like so much water showered upon rocks—it has run away, and the rocks remain as hard, as rugged, as frowning as ever. The growth of Chartism, the manufacture of pikes, the threats of violence, and the armed hand of government put forth to crush conspiracy, are the too prominent proofs that all hitherto is a failure. There is no convincing men that they are ignorant and incapable of seeing and judging of their own condition, when that condition is intolerable. If there be virtue in philosophy, or consolation in religion, they require still to be applied in a different manner, and imbued by a different spirit.

The great thing wanting is, obviously, in the first place, to undo much that has been done by this dogmatic mode of operation. You must subdue the evil spirit that has been evoked, as it too often is, by argument. You must gently lift up the hats that

the combatants, who are got from reasoning to rage, have knocked over one another's eyes, and let them see that they are men, and not savages, as they have come to regard each other. You must take wholly new ground, where no fragments even of the shattered weapons of the old battle-field can be seen to arouse the ancient animosity. You must soothe and draw together, and, casting aside all pretence to argue or discuss, show human life and human nature as it exists, and appeal, without reference to systems or technicalities, to the open and unsuspecting heart. It is evident that a condition of things so dreadful cannot continue for ever. There is a remedy for that as for any other evil, if men, instead of fretting themselves about the evil itself, will set earnestly at work to find it.

What philosophy, so styled, has failed to do, philosophy flinging aside even the dignity of its name, and ready, like the great Author of Christianity, to perform, on bended knee, the lowliest offices of purification for unhappy humanity, will one day effect. In this case, as in many others, we may live to employ fiction to arrive at truth; and of this we think the work before us a striking example. *Mary Barton* is a *Tale of Manchester Life*, which embraces the whole question we have been speaking of, without pretending to embrace it further than as a view of genuine human existence, the remedy for whose evils is best to be hoped for from a full, unbiassed, unexaggerated portraiture of it. The authoress, a Manchester lady, is anxious to bring the parties at issue to regard themselves less as employers and employed, than as men. She flings aside technicalities, not because she is not wholly master of her subject, for that she evidently is, but because she would have her readers to forget them, and to follow her through the dwellings of the rich and the poor, till they are impressed by what they see and hear, and have no thought or feeling but that which the Roman moralist had—'I am a man, and nothing which affects man can be indifferent to me.'

It is obvious, that in this experiment, all depended upon the manner in which it was conducted. It is equally able and attractive. We are not only introduced to every variety of Manchester life, but we are introduced in the right spirit. We feel that we are led by the hand of a clear, warm, and noble nature. We are made to see the ways and the errors of all, without exasperation against any. There is a fine balance of mind in the writer, kept true by the surest instinct, and by a sympathy broad as human nature itself.

The task of attempting to set matters right on this head was a Christian's task, an angel's mission, and we feel sure that it will be successful, far beyond the writer's warmest hope or idea.

So far as the work, as a literary work, is concerned, it has been at once stamped as of first-rate ability and beauty. And, if we are to judge from our feelings, and from the impression on all those whom we have conversed with, since reading it, no book has for many years appeared, so powerfully exciting the mind to a better knowledge and a more active remedial interference on behalf of the labouring classes. The writer engages our interest in them, by leading us amongst them, and making us spectators of their pleasures and their cares. You feel immediately that you are amongst real operatives, and their dialect is so faithfully reported, as to assure us that the study of the people has been a work of love and time. The notes show us the derivations of the terms that are too often regarded as vulgar corruptions of our English, but which are genuine portions of those old tongues, for a thousand years preserved here, of which our English itself is compounded. There are everywhere touches of the pencil that betray a quick and nice knowledge of the habits, feelings, and superstitions of the common people. The opening of the work is a scene abounding with these touches, which every Manchester dweller will at once recognise, and the like of which will occur to the inhabitant of various other manufacturing towns :—

‘ Oh ! ’tis hard, ’tis hard, to be working  
The whole of the live-long day,  
When all the neighbours about me  
Are off to their jaunts and play.  
There’s Richard, he carries his baby,  
And Mary takes little Jane,  
And lovingly they’ll be wandering  
Through field and briery lane.’

*Manchester Song.*

At a spot in the neighbourhood of Manchester, on a holiday in May, meet a group of mechanics, including the chief characters of the story. There are John Barton and his pretty daughter, Mary ; George and Jane Wilson, with their twin infants, and Jem, their son, a great lad. From these fields, where they have accidentally met, they adjourn to Barton’s to tea, which is graphically described, and where is introduced one of the most genuine characters of such life—Alice, the old maiden sister of Wilson, a native of the Cumberland hills, who now lived in a wretched cellar in Manchester, but whose memory was in her native wilds, while her heart was wherever she could be doing and loving amongst her neighbours. Setting out with these materials, we are soon made acquainted with all the sufferings and stirring incidents that agitate even the life of



the poor artizan—deaths and separations in the domestic circle, strikes and political struggles in the general mass. These soon bring us into contact with the masters, and with collateral actors, such as Job Legh, the artizan naturalist, and his blind granddaughter, Margaret, who becomes a fine singer. We will not trace the story itself farther, but give a few specimens of the matter to be found in it. The following, describing the death of an operative from actual destitution, at once affords one of the strangest contrasts of Manchester Life, and gives an example of that devotion of the poor to their fellows in suffering, which is one of their first and most general traits—a noble vindication of human nature in its most miserable, and, by the world, unregarded abodes:—

‘One evening, when the clear light at six o’clock contrasted strongly with the Christmas cold, and when the bitter wind piped down every entry, and through every cranny, Barton sate brooding over his stinted fire, and listening for Mary’s step in unacknowledged trust that her presence would cheer him. The door was opened, and Wilson came breathless in.

“‘You’ve not got a bit o’ money by you, Barton?’ asked he.

“‘Not I; who has now, I’d like to know. Whatten you want it for?’”

“‘I donnot want it for myself, though we’ve none to spare. But don you know Ben Davenport, as worked at Carson’s? He’s down wi’ the fever, and ne’er a stick o’ fire, nor a cowl potatoe in the house.’”

“‘I han gotten no money, I till ye,’ said Barton. Wilson looked disappointed. Barton tried not to be interested, but he could not help it in spite of his gruffness. He rose and went to the cupboard (his wife’s pride long ago). There lay the remains of his dinner, hastily put there for his supper—bread and a slice of cold fat bacon. He wrapped them in his handkerchief, put them in the crown of his hat, and said: “‘Come, let’s be going.’”

“‘Going—Art thou going to work this time o’ day?’”

“‘No, stupid, to be sure not. Going to see the fellow thou spoke on.’” So they put on their hats and set out. On the way, Wilson said Davenport was a good fellow, though too much of the Methodee; that his children were too young to work, but not too young to be cold and hungry; that they had sunk lower and lower, and pawned thing after thing, and that now they lived in a cellar in Bury-street, off Store-street. Barton growled in articulate words of no benevolent import to a large class of mankind, and so they went along till they arrived in Bury-street. . . . Our friends were not dainty, but even they picked their way till they got to some steps leading down into a small area, where a person standing would have his head about one foot below the level of the street, and might at the same time, without the least motion of the body, touch the windows of the cellar and the damp muddy wall right opposite. You went down one step even from the foul area into the cellar in which a family of human beings lived. It was very dark inside. The window panes were many of them broken

and stuffed with rags, which was reason enough for the dusky light which pervaded the place even at mid-day. After the account I have given of the state of the street, no one can be surprised that, on going into the cellar inhabited by Davenport, the smell was so fetid as almost to knock the two men down. Quickly recovering themselves, as those inured to such things do, they began to penetrate the thick darkness of the place, and to see three or four little children rolling on the damp, nay, wet brick floor, through which the stagnant, filthy moisture of the street oozed up; the fire-place was empty and black; the wife sat on her husband's lair, and cried in the dark loneliness—

“See, missis, I'm back again—Hold your noise, children, and don't mither your mammy for bread, here's a chap as has got some for you.”

‘In that dim light, which was darkness to strangers, they clustered round Barton, and tore from him the food he had got with him. It was a large hunch of bread, but it had vanished in an instant.

“We mun do summat for 'em,” said he to Wilson. “Yo stop here and I'll be back in half an hour.”

‘So he strode and ran, and hurried home. He emptied into the now useful pocket-handkerchief the little meal remaining in the mug. Mary would have her tea at Miss Simmond's; her food for the day was safe. Then he went up stairs for his better coat, and his one gay red-and-yellow silk pocket-handkerchief—his jewels, his plate, his valuables, these were. He went to the pawn-shop; he pawned them for five shillings; he stopped not, nor stayed till he was once more in London-road, within five minutes' walk of Bury-street—then he loitered in his gait in order to discover the shops he wanted. He bought meat and a loaf of bread, candles, chips, and from a little retail yard, he purchased a couple of hundred weight of coals. Some money yet remained—all destined for them; but he did not yet know how best to spend it. Food, light, and warmth he had instantly seen were necessary; for luxuries he would wait. Wilson's eyes filled with tears when he saw Barton enter with his purchases. He understood it all, and longed to be once more in work, that he might help in some of these material ways, without feeling that he was using his son's money. But, though silver and gold he had none, he gave heart-service and love-works of far more value. Nor was John Barton behind in these. . . .

‘The two men, rough, tender nurses as they were, lighted the fire, which smoked and puffed into the room as if it did not know the way up the damp, unused chimney. The very smoke seemed purifying and healthy in the thick clammy air. The children clamoured again for bread; but this time Barton took a piece first to the poor, helpless, hopeless, woman, who still sat by the side of her husband, listening to his anxious, miserable muttering. She took the bread when it was put into her hand and broke a bit, but could not eat. She was past hunger. She fell down on the floor with a heavy unresisting bang. The men looked puzzled. “She's well-nigh clemmed,” said Barton. “Folk do say one must n't give clemmed people much to eat; but bless us, she'll eat naught.”

“I'll tell yo what I'll do,” said Wilson; “I'll take these two big

lads, as does naught but fight, home to my missis for to-night, and I'll get a jug of tea. These women always does best wi' tea and such like slop."

'So Barton was now left alone with a little child, crying (when it had done eating) for mammy; with a fainting, dead-like woman; and with her sick man, whose mutterings were rising up to screams and shrieks of agonized anxiety. He carried the woman to the fire, and chafed her hands. He looked around for something to raise her head. There was literally nothing but some loose bricks. However, those he got, and taking off his coat, he covered them as well as he could. He pulled her feet to the fire, which now began to emit some faint heat. He looked round for water, but the poor woman had been too weak to drag herself out to the distant pump, and water there was none. He snatched the child and ran up the area-steps to the room above, and borrowed their only saucepan with some water in it. Then he began, with the useful skill of a working man, to make some gruel, and when it was hastily made, he seized a battered iron table-spoon (kept when many other little things had been sold in a lot) in order to feed baby, and with it he forced one or two drops between her clenched teeth. The mouth opened mechanically to receive more, and gradually she revived. She sat up and looked round; and recollecting all, fell down again in a weak and passive despair. Her little child crawled to her, and wiped with its fingers the thick-coming tears which she now had strength to weep. It was now high time to attend to the man; he lay on straw so damp and mouldy, no dog would have chosen it in preference to flags; over it was a piece of sacking, coming next to his worn skeleton of a body; above him was mustered every article of clothing that could be spared by mother or children this bitter weather; and, in addition to his own, these might have given as much warmth as one blanket, could they have been kept on him; but as he restlessly tossed to and fro, they fell off and left him shivering, in spite of the burning heat of his skin. Every now and then he started up in his naked madness, looking like the prophet of woe in the fearful plague-picture; but he soon fell again in exhaustion, and Barton found he must be closely watched, lest in these falls he should injure himself against the hard bricks. He was thankful when Wilson re-appeared, carrying in both hands a jug of steaming tea, intended for the poor wife; but when the delirious husband saw drink, he snatched at it with animal instinct, with a selfishness he had never shown in health.'

'Then the two men consulted together. It seemed decided without a word being spoken on the subject, that both should spend the night with the forlorn couple; that was settled. But could no doctor be had? In all probability, no: the next day an Infirmary order might be begged, but meanwhile the only medical advice they could have must be from a druggist. So Barton (being the moneyed man) set out to find a shop in London-road. . . .

'He reached a druggist's shop and entered. The druggist, whose smooth manners seemed to have been salved over with his own spermaceti, listened attentively to Barton's description of Davenport's illness; concluded it was typhus fever, very prevalent in that neighbourhood; and proceeded to make up a bottle of medicine—sweet spirits of



nitre, or some such innocent potion. . . . He recommended the same course they had previously determined to adopt, applying the next morning for an Infirmary order ; and Barton left the shop with comfortable faith in the physic given him ; for men of his class, if they believe in physic at all, believe that every description is equally efficacious.

‘Meanwhile Wilson had done what he could at Davenport’s house. He had soothed and covered the man many a time ; he had fed and hushed the little child, and spoken tenderly to the woman, who lay still in her weakness and her weariness. He had opened a door, but only for an instant ; it led into a back cellar with a grating instead of a window, down which dropped the moisture from pigsties and worse abominations. It was not paved ; the floor was one mass of bad-smelling mud. It had never been used, for there was not one article of furniture in it ; nor could a human being, much less a pig, have lived there many days. Yet the “back apartment” made a difference in the rent. The Davenports paid threepence more for having two rooms. When he turned round again he saw the woman suckling her child from her dry, withered breast.

‘“Surely the lad is weaned !” exclaimed he in surprise ; “how old is he ?”

‘“Going on two years,” she faintly answered. “But oh ! it keeps him quiet when I’ve nought else to gi’ him, and he’ll get a bit o’ sleep lying there, if he’s getting nought beside. We have done our best to gi’ the children food, howe’er we pinched ourselves.”

‘“Have ye had no money fra’ th’ town ?”

‘“No, my master is Buckinghamshire born ; and he’s feared the town would send him back to his parish, if he went to the board ; so we’ve just borne on in hope o’ better times. But I think they’ll never come in my day ;” and the poor woman began her weak, high-pitched cry again.

‘“Here, sup this drop o’ gruel, and then try and get a bit o’ sleep. John and I’ll watch by your master to-night.”

‘“God’s blessing be on you !”

‘She finished the gruel and fell into a dead sleep. Wilson covered her with his coat as well as he could, and tried to move lightly for fear of disturbing her ; but there need have been no such dread, for her sleep was profound and heavy with exhaustion. Once only she roused to pull the coat round her little child.

‘And now all Wilson’s care, and Barton’s to boot, was wanted to restrain the wild, mad agony of the fevered man. He started up, he yelled, he seemed infuriated by overwhelming anxiety. He cursed and swore, which surprised Wilson, who knew his piety in health, and who did not know the unbridled tongue of delirium. At length he seemed exhausted, and fell asleep ; and Barton and Wilson drew near the fire, and talked together in whispers. They sate on the floor, for chairs there were none ; the sole table was a tub turned upside down. They put out the candle and conversed by the flickering fire-light. . . . In this kind of talk the night—the long heavy night of watching—wore away. As far as they could judge, Davenport continued in the same state, although the symptoms varied occasionally. The wife

slept on, only roused by the cry of her child now and then, which seemed to have power over her, when far louder noises failed to disturb her. The watchers agreed that as soon as it was likely Mr. Carson would be up and visible, Wilson should go to his house and beg for an Infirmary order. At length the grey dawn penetrated even into the dark cellar; Davenport slept, and Barton was to remain there until Wilson's return; so, stepping out into the fresh air, brisk and reviving, even in that street of abominations, Wilson took his way to Mr. Carson's.

'Wilson had about two miles to walk before he reached Mr. Carson's house, which was almost in the country. . . . The servants seemed very busy with preparations for breakfast, but good-humouredly, though hastily, told him to step in and they would soon let Mr. Carson know that he was there. So he was ushered into a kitchen hung round with glittering tins, where a roaring fire burned merrily, and where numbers of utensils hung round, at whose nature and use Wilson amused himself by guessing. Meanwhile the servants bustled to and fro: an outdoor man-servant came in for orders and sat down near Wilson; the cook broiled steaks, and the kitchen-maid toasted bread and boiled eggs. . . .

'In the luxurious library, at the well-spread breakfast-table, sat the two Mr. Carsons, father and son. Both were reading; the father a newspaper, the son a review, while they lazily enjoyed their nicely-prepared food. The father was a prepossessing-looking old man, perhaps self-indulgent you might guess; the son was strikingly handsome, and knew it. His dress was neat and well appointed, and his manners far more gentlemanly than his father's. He was the only son, and his sisters were proud of him; his father and mother were proud of him; he could not set up his judgment against theirs; he was proud of himself.

'The door opened, and in bounded Amy, the sweet youngest daughter of the house, a lovely girl of sixteen, fresh and glowing and bright as a rosebud. . . .

'“If you please, sir,” said a servant, entering the room, “here's one of the mill-people wanting to see you; his name is Wilson, he says.”

'“I'll come to him directly; stay, tell him to come in here.”

'Amy danced off into the conservatory, which opened out of the room, before the gaunt, pale, unwashed, unshaven weaver was ushered in. There he stood at the door, stroking his hair with his old country habit, and every now and then stealing a glance round at the splendour of the apartment.

'“Well, Wilson, and what do you want to-day, man?”

'“Please, sir, Davenport's ill of the fever, and I'm come to know if you've got an Infirmary order for him?”

'“Davenport, Davenport—who is the fellow? I don't know the name.”

'“He's worked in your factory better nor three year, sir.”

'“Very likely; I don't pretend to know the names of the men I employ, I leave that to the overseer. So he's ill, eh?”

'“Ay, sir, he's very bad; we want to get him in at the fever wards.”

'“I doubt if I have an in-patient's order to spare; they're always

wanted for accidents, you know. But I'll give you an out-patient's and welcome."

'So saying, he rose up, unlocked a drawer, pondered a minute, and then gave Wilson an out-patient's order to be presented the following Monday. Monday! how many days there were before Monday!'

'Meanwhile the younger Mr. Carson had ended his review and began to listen to what was going on. He finished his breakfast, got up, and pulled five shillings out of his pocket, which he gave to Wilson as he passed him, for the poor fellow. He went past quickly, and calling for his horse, mounted gaily, and rode away. . . .

'When Wilson reached Bury-street he had persuaded himself that he bore good news, and felt almost elated in his heart. But it fell when he opened the cellar-door, and saw both Barton and his wife bending over the sick man's couch with awe-struck saddened look.

' "Come here," said Barton, "there's a change comed over him sin' yo left, is there not?"

'Wilson looked. The flesh was sunk, the features prominent, bony, and rigid. The fearful clay colour of death was over all. But the eyes were open and sensible, though the films of the grave were settling upon them.

' "He wakened fra his sleep as yo left him in, and began to mutter and moan; but he soon went off again, and we never knew he were awake till he called his wife, but now she's here he's gotten nought to say to her."

'Most probably, as they all felt, he could not speak, for his strength was fast ebbing. They stood round him still and silent; even the wife checked her sobs, though her heart was like to break. She held her child to her breast, to try and keep him quiet. Their eyes were all fixed on the yet living one, whose moments of life were passing so rapidly away. At length he brought, with jerking, convulsive effort, his two hands into the attitude of prayer. They saw his lips move, and bent to catch the words, which came in gasps and not in tones.

' "Oh Lord God, I thank thee that the hard struggle of living is over!"

' "Oh Ben, Ben!" wailed forth his wife, have you no thought for me? Oh Ben, Ben, do say one word to help me through life!"

'He could not speak again. The trump of the archangel would set his tongue free, but not a word more would he utter till then. Yet he heard, he understood, and, though sight failed, he moved his hand gropingly over the covering. They knew what he meant, and guided it to her head, bowed and hidden in her hands, when she had sunk in her woe. It rested there with a feeble pressure of endearment. The face grew beautiful as the soul neared God. A peace beyond understanding came over it. The hand was a heavy, stiff weight on the wife's head. No more grief or sorrow for him. They reverently laid out the corpse; Wilson fetching his only spare shirt to array it in. The wife still lay hidden in her clothes in a stupor of agony.'—Vol. i. pp. 88—108.

The factory of the Mr. Carson, introduced above, takes fire, and the description of the scene is one of the most powerful and thrilling things that we ever read:—



‘ Suddenly there were steps heard in the little paved court ; person after person ran past the curtained window.

‘ “ Something ’s up,” said Mary. She went to the door, and stopping the first person she saw, inquired the cause of the commotion.

‘ “ Eh, wench ! donna ye see the fire-light ? Carson’s mill is blazing away like fun !” and away ran her informant.

‘ “ Come, Margaret, on wi’ your bonnet, and let’s go to see Carson’s mill ; it’s afire, and they say a burning mill is such a grand sight—I never saw one.” . . . So in two minutes they were ready. At the threshold of the house they met John Barton, to whom they told their errand.

‘ “ Carson’s mill ! Ay, there is a mill on fire somewhere, sure enough by the light, and it will be a rare blaze, for there’s not a drop o’ water to be got. And much Carsons will care, for they’re well insured, and the machines are a’ th’ oud-fashioned kind. See if they don’t think it a fine thing for themselves. They’ll not thank them as tries to put it out.”

‘ He gave way for the impatient girls to pass. Guided by the ruddy light more than by any exact knowledge of the streets that led to the mill, they scampered along with bent heads, facing the terrible east wind as best they might . . .

‘ Mary almost wished herself away, so fearful, as Margaret had said, was the sight when they joined the crowd assembled to witness the fire. There was a murmur of many voices whenever the roaring of the flames ceased for an instant. It was easy to perceive the mass were deeply interested. . . .

‘ Then, when the devouring flames had been repelled by the yet more powerful wind, but where yet black smoke pushed out from every aperture, there, at one of the windows on the fourth story, or rather a doorway, where a crane was fixed to hoist up goods, might occasionally be seen, when the thick gusts of smoke cleared partially away for an instant, the imploring figures of two men. . . .

‘ “ Where are the engines ?” asked Margaret of her neighbour.

‘ “ They’re coming, no doubt ; but bless you, I think its bare ten minutes since we first found out th’ fire ; it rages so wi’ this wind, and all so dry like.”

‘ “ Is no one gone for a ladder ?” gasped Mary, as the men were perceptibly, though not audibly, praying the great multitude below for help.

‘ “ Ay, Wilson’s son and another man were off like a shot, well nigh five minutes ago. But the masons and slaters, and such like have left their work, and locked up the yards.”

‘ Wilson, then, was that man whose figure loomed out against the ever-increasing, dull, hot light behind, whenever the smoke was clear—was that George Wilson ? Mary sickened with terror. She knew he worked for Carsons ; but at first she had no idea any lives were in danger ; and since she was aware of this, the heated air, the roaring flames, the dizzy light, and the agitated and murmuring crowd, had bewildered her thoughts.

‘ “ Oh ! let us go home, Margaret, I cannot stay.”

‘ “ We cannot go ! See how we are wedged in by the folks. Poor Mary ! ye won’t hanker after a fire again. Hark ! listen.”

‘Far through the hushed crowd, pressing round the angle of the mill, and filling up Dunham-street, might be heard the rattle of the engine, the heavy, quick tread of loaded horses.

‘“Thank God!” said Margaret’s neighbour, “the engine’s come.”

‘Another pause; the plugs were stiff, and water could not be got.

‘Then there was a pressure through the crowd, the front rows bearing back on those behind, till the girls were sick with the close ramming confinement. Then a relaxation and a breathing more freely once more.

‘“’Twas young Wilson and a fireman wi’ a ladder,” said Margaret’s neighbour, a tall man who could overlook the crowd.

‘“Oh, tell us what you see?” begged Mary.

‘“They’ve gotten it fixed again the gin-shop wall. One o’ the men in th’ factory has fell back; dazed wi’ the smoke, I’ll warrant. The floor’s not given way there. God!” said he, bringing his eye lower down, “th’ ladder’s too short. It’s a’ over wi’ them, poor chaps! Th’ fire’s coming slow and sure to that end, and afore they’ve either gotten water or another ladder, they’ll be dead out and out. Lord have mercy on them!”

‘A sob, as if of excited women, was heard in the hush of the crowd. Another pressure, like the former! Mary clung to Margaret’s arm with a pinching grasp, and longed to faint, and be insensible, to escape from the oppressing misery of her sensations. A minute or two.

‘“They’ve taken th’ ladder into th’ Temple of Apollor. Can’t press back with it to the yard it came from.”

‘A mighty shout arose; a sound to wake the dead. Up on high, quivering in the air, was seen the end of the ladder, protruding out of a garret window, in the gable-end of the gin-palace, nearly opposite to the door-way where the man had been seen. Those in the crowd nearest the factory, and consequently best able to see up to the garret-window, said that several men were holding one end, and guiding by their weight its passage to the door-way. The garret window-frame had been taken out before the crowd below were aware of the attempt.

‘At length—for it seemed long, measured by beating of hearts, though scarce ten minutes had elapsed—the ladder was fixed, an aerial bridge at a dizzy height across the narrow street.

‘Every eye was fixed in unwinking anxiety, and people’s very breathing seemed stilled in suspense. The men were nowhere to be seen, but the wind appeared, for the moment, higher than ever, and drove back the invading flames to the other end.

‘Mary and Margaret could see now; right above them danced the ladder in the wind. The crowd pressed back from under; firemen’s helmets appeared at the window, holding the ladder firm, when a man, with a quick, steady tread, and unmoving head, passed from one side to the other. The multitude did not even whisper while he crossed the perilous bridge which quivered under him; but when he was across, safe comparatively in the factory, a cheer arose for an instant, checked, however, almost immediately, by the uncertainty of the result, and the desire not in any way to shake the nerves of the brave fellow who had cast his life on such a die.

‘“There he is again!” sprung to the lips of many, as they saw him

at the doorway, standing as if for an instant to breathe a mouthful of fresher air, before he trusted himself to cross. On his shoulders he bore an insensible body.

“It’s poor Wilson and his father,” whispered Margaret; but Mary knew it before.

‘The people were sick with anxious terror. He could no longer balance himself with his arms; everything must depend on nerve and eye. They saw the latter was fixed, by the position of the head, which never wavered; the ladder shook under the double weight; but still he never moved his head—he dared not look below. It seemed an age before the crossing was accomplished. At last the window was gained; the bearer relieved of his burden; both had disappeared.

‘Then the multitude might shout; and above the roaring flames, louder than the blowing of the mighty wind, arose that tremendous burst of applause. Then a shrill cry was heard asking,

“Is the oud man alive, and likely to do?”

“Ay,” answered one of the firemen to the hushed crowd below.

“He’s coming round finely now he’s had a dash of cowl water.”

‘He drew back his head, and the eager inquiries, the shouts, the sea-like murmurs of the moving, rolling mass began again to be heard—but for an instant though. In far less time than that in which I have endeavoured briefly to describe the passing events, the same bold hero stepped again upon the ladder, with evident purpose to rescue the man yet remaining in the burning mill.’—*Ib.* pp. 73—80.

The length of these extracts precludes further indulgence in quotation. They indicate the vigour which the writer brings to her task; for the great variety of life, passion, and pathos included in the volumes, the reader must go through them himself. The Chartist delegation to London, the murder of young Carson, and the burning thirst of vengeance in the father—the trial of Jem Wilson for the deed, and the discovery that the act is that of John Barton, who has been wrought up to it by the growing bitterness of the contest between masters and men—with new scenes and characters in Liverpool, afford amplest evidence of the author’s wealth of material, and rise in their interest to the most exciting pitch. But beyond this, the teachings which mutual sufferings, and the recoil of exasperated passions, impress on the conscience-stricken Barton, and the conscience-admonished Mr. Carson, are conceived in the most beautiful spirit of genuine religion. As a first work, and, therefore, not without its faults of construction, rather than of style, Mary Barton must be pronounced a masterpiece of this kind of writing, and we shall rejoice to meet the authoress again, not only for the singular pleasure which her writing has afforded us, but because of the good which it cannot fail to effect in the great field of human life, where every amelioration that can be achieved is so deeply necessary.



ART. V.—*The Island of Sardinia ; including Pictures of the Manners and Customs of the Sardinians, and Notes on the Antiquities and Modern Objects of Interest in the Island, with some Account of the House of Savoy.* By John Warre Tyndalle, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London : Bentley. 1848.

CONSIDERED by ancient and modern authorities to be the largest island in the Mediterranean Sea, enjoying the advantage of a central position between Spain, France, Italy, Sicily, and Africa, and forming the seat of a somewhat powerful and important monarchy, Sardinia has yet been allowed to remain, up to the present day, involved in comparative obscurity. Her history, her antiquities, her people, and her civilization, have excited little interest. She has been neglected, while other countries, far less attractive, and much more remote, have been repeatedly visited and constantly described. She has formed the theatre of important political dramas. Rival powers have fought long and vigorously for her possession, her shores have been blackened by numerous invading armies, and her people have as often vindicated their independence. Nevertheless she has been neglected, both by the historian and the traveller.

Few data, indeed, exist on which to found a consecutive idea of her history. We can catch but occasional glimpses of her progress from the period when, under the sway of Carthage, she attracted the notice, and excited the cupidity of the Roman conquerors, to the time when, after passing through ages of vicissitude and misgovernment under the rule, successively, of Rome, the Vandals, the Goths, and the Eastern Emperors, Sardinia at length fell under the domination, temporal as well as spiritual, of the Pope. From that era of her history, until 1022, few events are recorded save the attacks of the Lombards, and the repeated invasions of the Saracens, who continued their efforts until they obtained possession of the island. Their sway, however, was brief. The united strength of Genoa and Pisa rose against them, and they were expelled. But the powers which had acted in concert during the prosecution of an enterprise, could not—the triumph accomplished, be content to enjoy their conquest mutually, and Sardinia became a battle-field on which her rival conquerors fought for the supremacy. To trace her history from this period to the year 1479, when she became a part of the Spanish monarchy, would be merely to indicate a succession of landmarks, to recount a series of quarrels, aggressions,

intestine wars, of the struggles of foreign powers, of constant disputes and angry negotiations. The armies of Arragon, in 1323, landed on the Sardinian coast, and planted the national flag on the walls of Cagliari. But Arragon never held peaceful possession of her island territory. During the hundred and fifty years of her rule she maintained a constant struggle with her new subjects, until in 1479, on her union with Castile, Sardinia became a portion of the Spanish dominions.

Sardinia, however, seemed destined to be for ever tossed backward and forward between ruler and ruler. Austria became her master in 1708. The peace of Utrecht gave her to the Elector of Bavaria five years later. But his dominion was brief; and another five years saw the island ruled by the Duke of Savoy.

Of the reign of the first King of Sardinia, it is unnecessary to speak. He abdicated in 1730. Intrigue and conspiracies, some crushed in the bud, others partially smothered, though not wholly extinguished, rendered the throne far from a seat of luxurious ease. The second monarch ruled for forty-five years, and then quitted the throne he was so ill fitted to occupy. Carlo Emanuele III. was an abler, and, in many respects, a better ruler. He knew how to command the obedience, if not the love of his people. Cold, proud, formal, and phlegmatic, he was strictly just, and aimed, immediately after his accession, at repressing the vicious extravagance of his court. No lover of pleasure or dissipation, he was a rigid observer of etiquette. Brave on the field of battle, shrewd in council, influenced by the desire to see his subjects prosperous, he was too harsh, too reserved and unbending to acquire their love. He acted on a false principle, and justified his cold dignity by the remark, 'Kings are as statues, which ought not to descend from their pedestals, nor be seen in too near a point of view.' He probably did not see the full force of the latter part of this observation. It would be dangerous for monarchy were it to become rooted in public opinion.

Emanuele left Sardinia in a condition of unusual prosperity. He had raised its finances, had beautified its towns and cities, and imparted a quickening impulse to the national industry. The monarch who succeeded him possessed less ability, and encountered less good fortune. The French attacked the island. Its inhabitants thronged to the defence of their nationality. Repeated failures disheartened the invading army, and a revolution at home diverted their attention. The independence, but not the peace, of Sardinia was secured. Hardly had it been freed from foreign invaders, when the flames of a hot and furious insurrection burst forth at Cagliari. A compromise between

king and people procured a brief tranquillity. But another rising took place, and again was order restored by mutual concessions. A nation struggling for freedom is always generous, and it was well for the rulers of Sardinia that they possessed sufficient prudence to avail themselves of the moderation of their angry subjects.

But Sardinia appeared destined to be a disturbed kingdom. Carlo Emanuele IV. lost the throne of his ancestors, and died, in 1819, in a monastery at Rome. The abilities of his successor, Vittorio Emanuele, were unequal to the carrying out of the plans he formed upon his accession. He sought to develop a system of reform, but his imprudence baulked his will, and he saw that affairs were resolving themselves into the utmost confusion. He then determined to restore the ancient order of things. Because he had failed to carry out his plans of reform he weakly considered reform as unwise. 'What shall I do?' he inquired of his minister. 'For sevenpence,' was the reply, 'your Majesty may put everything into the best order immediately. Buy an old state calendar for the year 1790, and place all as you find it there.' This advice, exactly such as one might expect from an old legitimist, belonging to an order attached to hereditary and traditional practices, was literally acted upon.

Retrogression is never safe. The people of Sardinia had been promised reform, and saw with little favour the progress of the backward movement. Emanuele was unequal to his position. He made a promise to the power of Austria that he would never give the Piedmontese a liberal constitution. He resolved to act upon this policy throughout his dominions. But he could not so easily crush the popular desire for freedom. He saw that a storm was gathering, and quitted the throne in fear, lest that throne should be violently thrust from beneath him. The reign of his brother, Carlo Felice, was characterised by timidity, and the cruelty which is so often its companion. He was not sufficiently vigorous to acquire the fame of a powerful and able despot; he was not sufficiently liberal to be content to govern constitutionally a free and prosperous people. He chose to exert the influence of the sword rather than that of the mind. A numerous army lent itself to his will; and countenanced and encouraged by the despotisms of the continent, Carlo Felice established absolutism, abolished the liberty of the press, and suppressed agitation with a cruel and relentless hand. He left a memory as odious as it was inglorious, and descended into the grave little regretted by a subdued and disheartened people.

Carlo Alberto mounted the throne on the 27th of April, 1831. His reception among his subjects was exactly such as might have been expected from a people to whom monarchy had



brought little but misery and oppression. It was gloomy and silent, and the first acts of the prince were not of a character to dissipate the recollection of long-endured wrongs. He inherited the tyrannous spirit, along with the crown of his predecessor, and made his power felt throughout every ramification, however insignificant, of domestic industry, and carried out, to their extremes, those measures of despotism which Carlo Felice had planned.

Mr. Tyndalle's estimate of the policy and character of this prince appears to us somewhat too favourable. We do not agree with him in his praise, modified as it is, either of the abilities or the virtues of Charles Albert, whom we regard as a despot in practice and inclination. If he has organized a formidable and well-disciplined army, an efficient fleet, and an effective system of national defence; if he has well-stored the arsenals, and, to a great extent, developed the resources of Sardinia; these appear to us not so much indications of the genuine spirit of a wise and liberal prince, as links in the great chain with which he wished from the first to bind down the energies of his people. Far be it from us to deny Charles Albert all credit for what he has achieved in Italy. We deny him neither the merit of being an able man, nor the praise of having played a somewhat useful part during the recent political movements. Yet the fact appears to us evident that his policy tends towards self-aggrandisement; that he has not the true love of freedom at his heart. The monarch whose first act it was, on his accession to power, to stifle the voice of his people, by denying the liberty of the press, cannot be regarded as the champion of free institutions. If Carlo Alberto has taken a few steps in the right direction, it was the force of circumstances which impelled him forward.

But our purpose is, now, not to discuss the politics of Sardinia, but rather to enter into some details connected with the civilization, the inhabitants, and the general features of that island. And for this ample materials are contained in the work which stands at the head of the present article, a work of much ability, and extreme interest, written by a gentleman whose quickness of observation, talents as an author, and perseverance as a traveller, rendered him, in an eminent degree, fitted for the task he has undertaken and accomplished.

It may be as well, at starting, to give an idea of the appearance and costume of the country people that, as we proceed, and mark the habits and manners of the Sardes, the reader may be enabled to form a conception of the general *physique* and aspect of the actors in the several incidents touched on. Mr. Tyndalle, while travelling through the province of Alghero, was fortunate enough to approach the village of Valverde

during the celebration of a grand *fête*, partly of a religious character, to which all the country people were flocking. His route lay through a beautiful country, studded with olive and orange groves, with extensive vineyards, and fields of corn and flax, in which a profusion of deliciously sweet wild-flowers formed a large portion of the crop, adding to the pleasant aspect of the plains, but deteriorating the value of their produce. Along the different roads and footways, and across the meadow lands, throngs of gaily-attired peasants pressed towards Valverde. Their curious and not inelegant costume was closely observed by our traveller.

\* The male dress consists of the *veste*, a double-breasted, dark cloth waistcoat, buttoned up to the neck; the *calzoni*, a pair of very full dark trousers, of the same material, extending to the knees, and edged with black velvet; the *mutande*, or white cotton drawers, very full, and terminating under the high gaiters, which are also of coarse dark cloth; a *gabbano*, with a hood, resembling the *capote* worn by the Moors, but of a material according to the rank and taste of the wearer; these are the outer garments; and a long red or black cap, completes the costume. A profusion of black hair, with an *ad libitum* growth of whiskers, moustaches, and beard, gives an additional sombre tint, and the swarthy complexion, with the bright expression of the dark fiery eye, adds to the wildness of the portrait. The dress of the women consisted of a loosely-fitting gown of a light-coloured coarse cloth; a boddice of the same material, not very remarkable for the milliner's skill; and a coloured kerchief thrown over the head; but embroidery and silver ornaments, though not much in fashion with the Algherese, were conspicuous among the peasantry of the neighbouring village.'—Vol. i. p. 88.

At Valverde some thousands of persons were assembled, feasting and dancing, and celebrating masses, and paying adoration to a doll, about a foot in length, gaudily dressed in brocaded silk and tinsel, with a black face, which was an image of the Madona. Nothing could have been more convincing of the error and mummerly of Catholicism, than the witnessing of this spectacle, which Mr. Tyndalle describes as a lamentable display of ignorant and childish superstition.

While on the continent Mr. Tyndalle had been repeatedly warned that, in the course of his travels through Sardinia, he would constantly incur danger from numerous hordes of banditti which infested the country. But the accounts of the marauders were greatly exaggerated. The traveller was assured that he would lose his property, and perhaps his life, if he were not sufficiently armed and guarded. Every road was said to be unsafe. However, experience soon proved the erroneous nature of these statements; and though, in the course of his experience

in Sardinia, Mr. Tyndalle was satisfied of the existence of an extensive system of highway robbery, he yet found that the magnitude of the evil had been greatly overrated. There were, nevertheless, several bandits of much notoriety then abroad, and but a few years had elapsed since the death of one whose exploits were well worthy to figure in a romantic narrative.

In company with some of the highest personages of the kingdom, Mr. Tyndalle visited the magnificent Antro di Nettuno, a grotto, compared with which, as the people of Sardinia say, all the famous grottoes of the rest of Europe sink into insignificance, the fact being that their knowledge of every other, save their own, is based on a foundation scarcely more substantial than rumour. However, the interior of the cavern realized the most extravagant conceptions which the traveller had formed. By the light of more than two thousand tapers, and a few rays which penetrated from without, the natural walls, of a rosy tint, presented a warm and glowing aspect, while, at the farther extremity, a mimic mountain of glittering substance rose amid magnificent columns and stalactite formations, which threw their reflection upon the bosom of a placid lake, extending, motionless and bright, from the traveller's feet. From all sides branched corridors and galleries full of light, while the walls were fretted with net-work, and hung with a rich and full drapery of rigid form, which swept down seventy or eighty feet from the vaulted roof. The splendour of the illumination, which filled every part of this noble series of caverns, added to their beauty; but Mr. Tyndalle affirms that, not even when witnessing the blaze of fire, and the flood of lava which burst forth simultaneously, amid the roar of subterranean thunder from the ten craters of Vesuvius, was he so much impressed with the sublimity of the scene. 'The former,' he says, 'is one of nature's children raging in violence and fury; the latter, one sleeping in silence and tranquillity.'

It would lead us beyond our limits were we to attempt to accompany Mr. Tyndalle in his description of, and his speculations on, those extraordinary structures—the Noraghe—sometimes sixty feet in height, and three hundred in circumference, and built on hills and artificial mounds, which are continually to be met with by the traveller in Sardinia. Their original purpose is unknown, their age has not been ascertained, and their builders have retreated into the obscurity of time. Our author enters into a learned and interesting discussion upon them which will be read with pleasure by all who have a desire to push their researches into the unknown past, and to form conjectures on the origin and purpose of those remnants of antiquity, which have hitherto baffled



all inquiry. We, however, leave them, and pursue our way across a level country, between Alghero and Sassari, extending in a north-easterly direction, and diversified with small lakes, forests, and villages. The cultivated grounds are adorned with olive groves and vineyards, while alternating with these stretch away, to a considerable distance, plains covered with cistus, arbutus, and the dwarf palm. An occasional ruined Noraghe varies the landscape, which was alive with cultivators and peasants engaged in the different operations of industry. A few huts, made of branches, dot the pasture land, and in these dwell the shepherds and their families; fierce in appearance, rude and impetuous in manner, but hospitable and friendly in disposition. Where the hills on either hand encroached upon the plains, and a low thick underwood, with occasional patches of forest, was observable, there the bivouac fires of the huntsman were seen; while packs of dogs, followed by horsemen, and assisted by troops of beaters, often swept across the traveller's path, in the eager excitement of the chase. There are fewer forests in this district than formerly existed. The wood of Argentiera, in particular, has never recovered its pristine magnificence since 1839, when a tremendous conflagration burst out in its centre, destroying three millions of oaks, a million of wild olives, and countless other trees.

Mr. Tyndalle visited La Saline, in order to observe the tunny fishery, at once so curious and important. These fish, as is generally known, enter the Mediterranean about the end of April, follow the lines of coast into the Black Sea, and then returning into the Atlantic, disappear about the middle of August. The idea is still general among the fishermen that in the tunny, the visual power of the right eye is greater than that of the left, and consequently, that when entering the Black Sea, they keep on the south shore, and on the north when returning. Ignorance is ever apt to create a marvel when it wishes to account for a fact, of which the real reason is unknown.

After sharing the hospitality of the director of the Marfaragui, Mr. Tyndalle resolved to make an excursion to Asinara, a small island not far from the north-west promontory of Sardinia, well covered with woods and scantily peopled, but not without its name in ancient and modern history. Embarking, therefore, on board a fishing-boat, with a couple of tunnies for his bed, and a third for his pillow, he examined all the peculiarities of the place, and pushed onward for Port Torres, a city situated in the centre of a deep bay on the north-western coast. Having visited and examined the ancient remains, and observed the modern appearance of the place, our traveller prepared to strike into the interior of the country, and trust himself to the hospi-

talities of the natives. The Sardes have made very little progress in the art of locomotion, as may easily be imagined from the fact that Mr. Tyndalle mentions in a very few lines every carriage and conveyance on the island. The roads are little more than natural. Inns there are none, save in one or two of the towns; the hospitality of the people is the traveller's only resource.

This hospitality was never, in Mr. Tyndalle's case, asked for in vain. Once, indeed, when, on his arrival at a village, the traveller went to the house of the priest, and directed his guide to ask the favour of a night's lodging, he was, after some delay, informed that the padre did not choose to admit him. The guide stated that considerable suspicion seemed to exist in the good old man's mind as to the character of him who sought to be his guest. Turning away from the door, therefore, our traveller resolved to ask of a layman the favour which had been refused him by the priest. But the reverend man, peeping out of his glassless window, saw that the stranger was neither a Sarde nor a Piedmontese, and hastily coming forth, inquired if he was the person who was in want of a night's shelter. In a somewhat irritated tone, Mr. Tyndalle replied that he was, and that he should seek it at some more hospitable door. The padre's face reddened; his eyes flashed; he was fearful lest the impression of his want of charity should remain on the traveller's mind. He seized the horse by the rein, and leading it back to the door, uttering all the while a series of incomprehensible excuses, nearly pulled the traveller off his saddle, and led him into the house, where a profuse hospitality served to show that his seeming rudeness was but the result of a mistake. He had been alarmed by the predations of several banditti, and feared that one of them, in disguise, was endeavouring to impose upon his charity.

The enormous capabilities displayed by the Sardes for good feasting, appear to have surprised, if not alarmed, our traveller, who felt his inferiority in such matters, and was often denounced as a bad guest, for not eating at one repast enough to suffice a moderate man for two days' living.

'On one occasion, having proved myself a first-rate guest, by tasting some eight or ten dishes, and rejoicing in my own prowess, and their removal from the table, my host exclaimed: "Well, as you have eaten nothing, you shall have something more acceptable and agreeable." At the words, *piu grato e piacevole*, my heart yearned for a bed—rest and quiet being my only interpretation of the expression; and the conversation turning on that subject, led me into a belief that we were about to retire from the table. But the door soon opened, and the servant, instead of bringing in the anticipated bed-lamps, rushed violently in with an immense dish, which, by the bye, he nearly upset into my lap, as if it had been destined to be my particular share. A whole

roasted wild boar lay before me ! Silently sighing at the approaching labour, I instinctively, but unconsciously, put my hand to my stomach, as an act of defence and pity, but my host, unfortunately perceiving and misinterpreting my gesture into one of pleasure, exclaimed : " Ah ! how glad I am that I happened to have the cinghiale to-day ; I will give you a good slice of it," and suiting the action to the word, he plunged in his knife and fork, and before I could recover my astonishment, a plate was before me, with a portion of the animal which would have sufficed the combined appetites of six Germans at a Jagdschmaus. All excuse, apology, and entreaty to be relieved of a forty-ninth part of it were in vain ; and though in eating the fiftieth, I did contrive to offer up a tribute to my host's feelings and hospitality, it was one of the strongest appeals to self-sacrifice ever made by a victimised stomach.' —Vol. i. p. 195.

Our traveller visited the town of Sassari during the celebration of Easter. Processions constantly paraded the streets. Troops, with their arms reversed, marched along to the sound of muffled drums, followed by crowds of children intended to represent angels, while a group of men, dressed after the fashion of ancient times, preceded the image of Christ, which was borne in a coffin beneath a black pall and canopy. Such processions were constantly to be met in the streets. About mid-day on the Saturday, the whole town broke out into an uproar. All the bells in all the churches were rung ; every one ceased from his occupation to contribute to the clamour. The workmen, with hammers, chisels, and trowels, maintained an incessant clatter, every stick and stone was put into requisition, the bones of Judas were rattled, fire-works exploded, drums beaten, while there was not a door in the city that was not violently slammed. The elevation of the Host in the Cathedral proclaimed the moment when the resurrection took place at Calvary.

Sassari is a handsome town, embellished with several fine buildings, but its chief beauty consists in its situation, about half way up a broad slope of land, covered with orange groves, and diversified with pretty villas, and magnificent pleasure-grounds and gardens ; with the almond, the cherry, the orange, and the pomegranate tree, were interspersed the majestic Roman pine and palm ; while superb myrtles spread their fragrant foliage to rest upon the orange trees. Beds of roses, densely planted, produced a brilliant effect. Every kind of cultivation is carried on with success on the slopes of this fertile valley, tobacco, especially, being produced in abundance.

From Sassari our traveller made a rapid advance across a country alternately desolate and cultivated. Here the road lay through a smiling and abundant plain, alive with a busy population, and now over a wild tract, where the cork, the olive, and



the pear tree flourished in wild magnificence, while the profuse growth of asphodel and other meadow plants betokened a marshy and undrained soil. The villages passed through were of various appearance—some neat and clean, others comfortless and filthy, composed of mere hovels, scarcely sufficient to screen their inmates from wind and rain. Yet the evidences of industry were everywhere visible, and weaving and spinning machines were seldom wanting in the dirtiest hut.

Traversing the district between Bulgi and the Goghinas, and crossing the river by means of a horse-boat, our traveller entered the province of Gallura, of whose history he affords us an interesting sketch, which tends, however, to increase the bulk of the work, without, in our opinion, increasing the reader's pleasure in its perusal. We are not disposed, however, to quarrel with an author's manner of constructing his book, and few will, perhaps, object to the slight *résumé* which is given of the part which Gallura has played in the history of Sardinia. An amusing account is afforded us of a Royal Grammatogjiu, which is too long to extract, otherwise we should be glad to present it to our readers. We travel on to Tempio, and find a state of society far from civilized. In illustration of this, we may mention the frequency of assassination, an instance of which is related by Mr. Tyndalle:—

'The expression of a private soldier in England, that he had leased his life for twenty years to be shot at for a shilling a day, conveys some idea of part of the life of the late governor. It was said that he had compromised himself in his office, by tampering with certain parties then at enmity with each other, and a complaint was preferred against him; to stifle which, he endeavoured to seize and imprison the assailant. A series of acts of injustice and retaliation followed, and at length the governor received one of the death-warnings peculiar to Sardinia. During the night he heard a pane of glass crack, and on examining it in the morning he found the fatal bullet on the floor. The custom of the country is, that whenever *vendetta all a morte*—revenge even to death, is to be carried out, the party avenging shall give his adversary timely notice, by throwing a bullet into his window, that he may either make immediate compensation for the injury, or prepare himself for death. The governor for once used every caution as to when and where he went, but at length disregarded the warning, imagining he was safe. But the assassin had watched him with an eagle's eye, and he fell in a moment he least expected.'—*Ib.* p. 296.

The people of this district are a sharp, intelligent race. They are strong, athletic, and hardy, industrious, and honest, yet often addicted to vice. The foundling hospital at Tempio is described by our author as a very dog-kennel for its uncleanly and offensive condition, and he draws a striking comparison between it and the institution at Moscow, where the Czar has set a good example

in this respect to his illustrious cousin. A wild and bleak country extended round Tempio, and every spot available had been drawn into cultivation. Numerous springs, streams, and fountains, made little oases of verdure on the slopes of the hills, contrasting beautifully with the cold, rough grey granite around. But leaving Tempio for Castel Doria, the traveller immediately found himself amidst very different scenery. The path wound over lofty hills, covered with cistus, arbutus, laurel, and myrtle, imparting a lovely softness to the landscape, and flinging forth clouds of delicious perfume, which rose and dispersed itself over the hills. Thence, turning again towards the Goghinas, he penetrated through deep gorges and dells, descending steep declivities, clothed with ilex, cork, and olive, which reared an arch of foliage across the beaten path. Castel Doria, now in ruins, was a splendid stronghold in its time, and surrounded as it is by scenery no less wild and romantic than itself, falls in admirably with the landscape.

The forest of Cinca Denti, or the "five teeth," contains, according to Sarde calculations, upwards of a hundred millions of trees and shrubs. Its foliage is so dense, that in some places the rays of the sun never pierce through the impenetrable canopy; and so close is the undergrowth, that in several parts it has never been explored. Its wild recesses afford hiding-places for numerous banditti. Indeed, the whole district is inhabited by a tribe known as the Agiese, whose lawless and ferocious character leads them to plunder the surrounding population, and forbids them to seek a livelihood by honest and patient industry. However, there exist among them certain notions of honour and chivalry. They will not attack a stranger in their country, unless he be well armed and guarded, for they consider it cowardly to assail the weak. An instance of this is related. Two communities were at enmity. A member of a neutral tribe was riding through the forest of Fiveteeth, when he was met and recognised by six of the fuoroscite, who rode up to him, and declared their intention of protecting him until he had passed out of their country. Surprised and alarmed, he had no resource but to submit, and accordingly journeyed on with his wild companions, slowly and cautiously, through a succession of defiles, to which he was a stranger, until emerging upon an open glade, they halted, and commenced a whispered conversation, which left no doubt in the traveller's mind that he was to be murdered and robbed in that lonely place, without the hope of rescue. He knew that the district he should have to pass through was hostile to the tribe to which his escort belonged, and was much surprised when he found himself proceeding again across the country which swarmed with the enemies of his protectors. Yet the banditti guard was

not assailed. When, however, after having changed his escort, he was again safe on neutral ground, he learned that the laws of hospitality required that the two communities should join in protecting a stranger passing through their territory, but that, this act accomplished, hostilities would recommence, and the men who had courteously and fearlessly come into the presence of their enemies, would again be found in arms, prepared to devastate and plunder the country, through which they had just ridden in peace.

Traversing a district where the air was literally heavy with the perfume of the cistus, and the ground white with its delicate blossoms, penetrating through dense oak and cork forests, and passing over a mountainous region, scantily peopled, Mr. Tyndalle arrived at a little spot called St. Maria di Santa Arsadona, where numerous streamlets flowing down the hill slopes, a thick wood in the back-ground, a shepherd's hut, rudely constructed, but snug and picturesquely built, overhanging a deep glen, and a group of happy people engaged in light and pleasant occupations, made up an interesting and pretty picture. The graceful dress of the women appeared to much advantage in this simple, but beautiful spot, and their hospitality impressed our traveller with a favourable idea of their character.

After visiting Terranova, Mr. Tyndalle proceeds to describe Tavolara, an island composed of one immense calcareous rock, the flat surfaces or table-lands of which have given it its name. Picturesque with gorges and chimes, it has also several secure little roadsteads, much esteemed and frequented by navigators:—

‘A shepherd and his family, of most primeval and unsophisticated habits, have for many years been the sole inhabitants of the island. On the late arrival of the King at Terranova, he sent a quantity of sheep and the wild goats with which the island abounds, as a present to his Majesty, thinking he might be in want of such things for his itinerant larder. Offered in perfect simplicity and innocence, the king thanked him, with an assurance, that if he had wanted them, he would willingly have accepted them, and subsequently sent to know if he wished for anything, with the promise to grant it, if rational, and in his power. The shepherd pondered for a long while on all his real and imaginary wants—he went through, in his family conclave, a long list of household articles, the whole cost of which would not have amounted to twenty shillings, and finally decided against them as unnecessary luxuries. After further deliberation, his mighty mind was made up, and he replied that he was not in want of anything, but he should not mind if the king gave him a pound of gunpowder. On the royal messenger therefore suggesting that he should ask for something else, the dilemma was greater than ever, but after strolling about and torturing his imagination for several minutes, he suddenly broke out:—“Oh, tell the



King of Terra-firma that I should like to be King of Tavolara; and that if any people come to live in this island, that they must obey me as the people obey him in Terra-firma."—Vol. ii. p. 19.

If the shepherd was not actually created King of Tavolara, he was accorded several privileges which were nearly tantamount.

A country luxuriantly forested, and famous for its wealth in honey and cork, was now traversed, the lower range of the Monte Nieddu was crossed, and a descent made to the village of Monti, an assemblage of wretched houses, the abode of squalidness and poverty, ignorance and idleness, in a word, of misery in all its repulsive forms. Thence, amongst lofty hills, through crowded valleys, inhabited by a superstitious and thrifty race, and among pretty villages and isolated hamlets, the traveller proceeded, occasionally visiting the ancient Noraghe, often mingling among the population, and constantly observing the national manners and characteristics. Too frequently was his attention attracted by a filthy and miserable village, situated upon the slope of a lovely hill, amid the most luxuriant verdure and the sweetest flowers, a blotch upon the fair scenery. At length the Goceano range was entered. These mountains, covered with woods, peopled by a race of nomade shepherds, and swarming with cattle, the wealth of these tribes, afford some of the most picturesque landscapes in Sardinia. One hundred thousand animals, of whom a fourth are pigs, are reared in the forests, and the acorns, chesnuts, and wild pears which abound, form a fattening food. Ascending to the summit of the range, and commencing the descent on the other side, Mr. Tyndalle at once perceived a change in the aspect of the scenery, which ceases to be of the forest character, and assumes that of a succession of arable lands, meadows, corn-fields, vineyards, and gardens. The slopes of the mountains were not uninterrupted, but were broken into low ridges and shallow valleys, which, since the period of Carthaginian power, have been coveted for their fertility and abundance. Our author takes this occasion to enter into general observations on the agriculture of Sardinia, observations which we cannot here condense, but which will be perused with much interest by the reader of the work.

We cannot pause to describe, with Mr. Tyndalle, the Monte de Sarcorsa, the villages on the Ozieri plain, Ardasa, the Noraghe de Tres Noraghe, visited and explored by our author, the mineral springs of San Martino, nor the forests, the monasteries, nor the villages of the Campo Lagano. Neither can we do more than mention his account of the numerous antiquities he saw, nor of the banditti, and the ceremonies of peace-making, nor of the people and the towns of the district through which he passed until he arrived in the Barbagia province, where again he

diverges into history, and breaks off, for a considerable space, the thread of his narration. We find in the portion of the relation which succeeds numerous characteristic sketches of Sarde manners and character. On one occasion, our author was a witness to a quarrel which appeared likely to end in sanguinary results. However, with the Irishman's consolation, 'that he had killed nobody, and nobody had killed him,' he succeeded in seeing the termination of the affray, which had arisen out of some trifling circumstance.

The Sardinian people are prone to quarrel, quick to revenge injury, and ferocious in their manner of retaliation. This has been assigned as one reason among many—of which frequent plagues and a bad climate are the chief—of the small population of the island, which, according to credible authority, amounts only to five hundred and twenty-four thousand, or about sixty to the square mile. The number of homicides brought to light in the course of a single year have been as many as a thousand; one assassination invariably causes another; and this probably formed but a part of the whole, for it is not to be supposed that every case came to the knowledge of the authorities.

The supply of labour on the island is unequal to the demand. There are not sufficient men to till the soil and manufacture its products. The want of roads prevents a proper system of internal intercourse, and the want of enlightenment in the people, and apathy, or a still more blameable quality in the government, prevents this deficiency from being supplied. Carlo Alberto has ever been willing to foster prejudice and superstition in the minds of his subjects, and to indulge their sloth by a constant series of ceremonies and shows, in which he is aided by the holiday-making religion of the island; for indolence is the temper of mind which kings too commonly love to behold in their subjects. But he has neither the will nor the capacity to foster industry and commerce, and so long as his armies can march, and his capital glitter with bayonets and banners, so long is he content; and his people have been nursed too long in the lap of passive obedience to perceive the reason why Sardinia, with all her natural advantages, has never risen to her proper place among the nations.

The Sarde peasant will often be content to eat the leaf of a cactus, in lieu of more nutritious food, when the ground he stands upon is ready to spring into cultivation at the lightest touch, and to bear a golden harvest to reward a little toil. Such is the indolence engendered by slavery, such the apathy which is the fruit of despotic institutions.

We now find Mr. Tyndalle at Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, a city of much historic fame, beautifully situated on a white rock, and rising, with its forts and palaces, and splendid gates,

from a rich and fertile coast district. Cagliari has stood the brunt of many sieges. Numerous conflicts have been fought before her walls, and more than one bombardment has tried her strength. More than once, also, has she been occupied by the army of a foreign power. Would that we could say of her—

“Yet she stands,  
A fortress formed to freedom’s hands.”

A cathedral and several churches are among her principal buildings, with numerous monasteries, palaces, and some monuments. A strong military force is always quartered here, and a military police preserves public tranquillity, and prevents people from making offensive observations about the king and his policy, whether foreign or domestic. His majesty is unable to remove causes of discontent, and is too sensitive to hear the expressions of dissatisfied poverty.

To enter into details connected with the government of Sardinia, would be beside our purpose and design, and might betray us into too great diffuseness. We may, however, offer a few remarks on the executive administration, and the first part of this which comes under our notice is that of justice. A few instances will best illustrate the manner in which this is conducted. A murder occurred in a village. A delegate was appointed to investigate the circumstance; he fixed on several individuals, procured witnesses, and convicted the persons accused. They were condemned to death, but before the appointed day their innocence was clearly proved; and it was also made manifest that the delegate had resorted to dishonest means to procure their conviction. He was arrested, but he was a man of influence, and soon accordingly regained his liberty; nor was the outburst of popular indignation which followed equal to the power of his patron, a Piedmontese, high in office, who protected his infamous protégé against every attempt made to bring him to justice.

The plan of imprisoning witnesses is also described by Mr. Tyndalle, who mentions the fact of two unfortunate men perishing in a dungeon, to deserve which they had committed no crime. The corruptness of the ministers of justice is illustrated by a striking anecdote:—

‘An instance, the authenticity of which cannot be disputed, occurred very lately to one of my friends from whom I heard it. While wandering on the mountains he fell in with a fuoroscito, who, knowing that the law would not help him, and that his foe had all appliances and means to boot to escape punishment for a robbery and outrage, had determined on the summary course of vendetta. My friend inquired why he delayed carrying out his purpose, for his foe was accessible at any hour: “Oh, yes,” he replied, “I am sure enough of him, but I am not



rich enough." "How not rich enough?" "Why, I have not yet got the wherewithal to keep the judge and priest quiet."—Vol. iii. p. 147.

Some thriving manufactures are carried on at Cagliari, and a considerable trade exists between it and the surrounding districts, whence grain, fruit, and vegetables, with butter and other dairy produce, and wines, are brought daily into the town. Water is very dear in the upper quarter of the city, and the carriers of this necessary of life form a large class. The saltpans around the city are very productive.

In the city, as in the country districts, numerous shows and ceremonies, pageants and spectacles, contribute to render the population idle. An Irishman once observed of a certain continental people, that nine days in the week were holidays with them. This is not strictly true of the Cagliarians, but their seasons of relaxation are very nearly equal to those spent in labour, never too arduously or steadily conducted. They are more laborious in their dancing and their games, than in their industrial occupations, more vigorous at the trencher than at the hammer and chisel.

Feudalism, from the period of its introduction by the Pisans, in the year 1050, continued to exert a deteriorating influence upon the Sardes until 1836, when it was abolished by Carlo Alberto, to whom we are ready to accord credit for the act, although it might not be difficult to assign for it other reasons than those of liberal humanity.

The barons were absolute in their estates. Justice was a game in which they always won. It was nothing to them with whom the guilt or innocence of an action lay. It was enough that they were pleased to defend one man against another, and none had a right to question their authority. Certain taxes were necessary for the administration of the realm; the powerful thrust them upon the shoulders of the peasantry, besides wringing from them, by means of forced labour and grinding tyranny, sufficient to support the luxury and indolence of the barons. Cruelty and oppression reduced the people to a state of abject misery; to cruelty and oppression was added degradation:—

'The father of a nobleman now holding one of the highest appointments under the Piedmontese government, was walking with his friend in one of his feudal estates in the island, and feeling tired, called to one of his vassals then digging in the field to come to him. The poor peasant obeyed, and was immediately ordered to place himself on "all fours" on his hands and knees, which having done, the feudal baron leisurely sat upon his back till he was rested. His friend, unable to suppress his feelings at such an act, subsequently spoke to him about it, to which he merely replied in Spanish, "That is nothing, let him do it; it is quite right they should behave with the respect they owe to their lords—the wretches that they are."—*Ib.* p. 278.

It may easily be imagined what was the state of society, when one man, a coarse, ignorant, and ignoble tyrant, could thus with impunity behave towards his brethren. Another feudal baron, who uttered the same command to one of his vassals, encountered a different reply. The peasant, poor, oppressed, slave as he was, possessed the heart of a man, and drawing from his girdle a long and formidable knife, thrust its handle into the ground, and bade the baron sit on that, or remain standing, adding, that sooner would he be content to drive that weapon through his own, or his master's heart, than thus to be his footstool.

A tribute known as 'the measure of the mice,' was exacted by one of the feudal lords, of the sixteenth part of all grain grown on his lands, as compensation for the injury *he might* sustain, not that he had sustained, from the mice getting into his granaries.

Such indignities, such injuries, of which these are only random examples, would have festered in the bosom of the most confirmed slave. But the Sardes had not lost every spark of patriotism. Tyranny had not quenched the spirit, if it had long effaced the forms, of liberty, and the groans of the people rose loud against the feudal system. Inspiring poems were composed and sung. Like the Marseillaise of France, they could not, at their birth, be suppressed; and songs which contained in them the burning anger of an oppressed and trampled race, circulated with electric rapidity from mountain to mountain, through every valley and in every village in the island. The baronial influence was powerful. It opposed itself to the popular element, and fought for its iniquitous privilege. But the groans of his people, fretting beneath the unjust tyranny of their lords, sounded louder in the ears of Carlo Alberto than the remonstrance of his barons. Feudalism was abolished. Its supporters saw that resistance was useless and profitless: they yielded, and were in the end no losers by the movement.

Such was the country through which Mr. Tyndalle travelled; such were the people among whom he sojourned; and such was the state of society which existed. The sun of civilization has perhaps risen a little higher above the horizon since he wrote, but Sardinia continues to be depressed by artificial means far below the elevation she should have attained according to the natural laws of progress. We may hope, however, for better times, and look forward to a period when the Sardes, the nation that has more than once vindicated its name on a well-contested field, and fought arduous battles on its native shores, shall not remain in the rear of Europe.

For Mr. Tyndalle's work: it is one of the most interesting that we have met with for a considerable period. It is written

with care and judgment, is full of interest, enlivened with much anecdote and incident, and is, in a word, the best description we have yet read of the country and the people which form its subject. To compensate for a few faults—faults rather of taste than of incapacity—it has numerous merits; and among these, not the least is the amiable spirit evinced throughout by its able and well-informed author.

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ART. VI.—*An Introduction to the New Testament; containing an Examination of the most important Questions relating to the Authority, Interpretation, and Integrity of the Canonical Books with reference to the latest Inquiries.* By Samuel Davidson, LL.D. Vol. I.—*The Four Gospels.* London: Samuel Bagster and Sons. 1848.

As the New Testament is not only the most important, but the most popular of books, everything relating to its history, and to the opinions entertained respecting it by eminent writers, is interesting to a much wider circle of readers than will be found to care for any other volume. Even if it were desirable to confine men's views entirely to the inspired origin and the strictly religious uses of the sacred writings comprised in this volume, we do not see how that could be done in an age of general culture. It seems to be an affair of necessity, not of choice, that some of our theologians should give their attention to these collateral and subordinate topics. For ourselves, however, we are free to say, we do not think it is desirable to confine the thoughts to *one* aspect of the New Testament; though that aspect is in the highest degree rational, and is, indeed, more momentous than any other in which it could be regarded. Ignorance should not be allowed to wear a show of piety. We do not believe that miracles are best appreciated by those who have no acquaintance with the ordinary fixedness of natural laws; or that reverence for Him who has given us the Scriptures, is improved by holding fast either erroneous opinions concerning the way in which his providence has seemed to us so precious an inheritance, or even just opinions on the same subject without taking any pains to acquire the information which would prove that they are just. We like reasons better than prejudices. We prefer truth to error, on all points. Religious convictions are strengthened by knowledge, deepened by deliberation; and a character built up on convictions that have been well tested, is the one best fitted to withstand the assaults against our faith which may spring up in our own bosoms, or come on us from without. Professed Christians must be supposed to have some



opinions, more or less fixed, on the relation of the human to the divine, of the men whose names are prefixed to the writings of the New Testament to the Holy Spirit whom we revere as their ultimate author. Their opinions on these subjects cannot all be drawn from the writings themselves; some of them must be the result either of their own reasonings and researches, or of the reasonings and researches of others: unless, indeed, they have been received as religious doctrines, on the unquestioned authority of their teachers. In any case, it may not be amiss to *know* that these teachers have not erred, if they have not; or, to know wherein they have erred, and how, if it should be made to appear that they have.—It is no small convenience to have within reach, and at command, some compendious exhibition of the investigations of those who have explored these regions. It is a still higher advantage to those who have leisure for such studies, and whose official duties seem to impose them, that they should be furnished with materials, principles, and suggestions, to aid them in pursuing such investigations for themselves.

In every walk of human cultivation there is an unavoidable distinction between the learned and the unlearned. So great is the division of labour in civilized life, that while it may be given to a favoured few to *seek and intermeddle with all wisdom*, the many must content themselves with the learning—the technical knowledge—appropriate to their several callings, each relying on the rest for the due measure of attention to everything in its own place. With regard to the particular questions now before us, it would be ridiculous to imagine that a man is competent to form an opinion respecting them merely because he is a sound believer of the Gospel, and an experienced practical Christian; or even because he is honoured and happy as a teacher of Christianity to others. Many of these questions are entirely questions of scholarship; and by scholars only can they be adequately treated. Now since it happens that men of large and exact information have devoted years of study to questions touching the New Testament, and the fruits of their studies have been given to the world in copious publications, their statements are sure to find their way in time to the vehicles of general intelligence. They address the studious, the inquisitive, the learned, in the first instance; but such is the effect of liberal pursuits, and such the activity and diffusiveness of the more educated classes, that the knowledge which is for a while confined to the few becomes, sooner or later, the common property of all. In such labours for the common benefit there are many departments. One man bestows his care on preparing and publishing an accurate copy of some ancient

work. Another collects from the works of former times the facts, opinions, or allusions, that may elucidate some obscurity, solve some difficulty, or reconcile some apparent contradictions. Another may be honourably busied in gathering together the information thus accumulated, at various times, by sundry persons, and in translating them out of one language into another. A writer of a speculative turn may bend his knowledge to the support of his previous opinions, or work out new opinions from the materials before him; and these opinions may be orthodox or heterodox, according to the position of the speculator in these respects. Then comes in another speculator, but of opposite opinions. And a glorious thing to behold, is the conflict of these intellectual athletæ, especially if we are so happy as to *know* that he who abets our own opinion is the champion of the True, and to remember that the True must conquer in the end.

It has come to pass, already, that some of the most insidious attacks on our religious belief are made under cover of a respectful and Christian treatment of our sacred books. The time has gone by for repelling such attacks by gestures, and exclamations, and hard names, and general abuse of reason and scholarship, and similar weapons from the good old armoury of the Church: they are getting rusty—nearly as obsolete and useless as penal laws.—Then, what is demanded by the circumstances of the times from our religious teachers? Are they all, without exception, and always without deviation, to go on preaching, expounding, exhorting, as though there were nothing in the cultivated mind of England but ignorance of the Gospel, or unwillingness to receive it and reduce it to practice? Are they to leave the wide field over which we have glanced entirely to men whom they distrust as enemies of the truth? Can they be themselves, or ought they to be, ignorant of the true state of the case? If they know it, is it wise, is it honest, is it safe, to concur in keeping others in ignorance? Is it not the province of religious teachers, as such, to make themselves acquainted with these matters? Is it not of as real moment as any other thing connected with religion, that the guides of the Church should anticipate the tactics of the enemy, cutting away his ground, and working *all that is known to be true* in defence of that truth which saves men's souls?

Because we feel the urgency and suitableness of such appeals, we think ourselves happy in bringing, as soon as possible, Dr. Davidson's seasonable and invaluable work before our readers. We accept and repeat the challenge which he has prefixed to it in the glorious words of Milton:—'It is to the learned that I address myself; or if it be thought that the learned are not

the best umpires and judges of such things, I should, at least, wish to submit my opinion to men of a mature and manly understanding, professing a thorough knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel; on whose judgments I should rely with far more confidence, than on those of novices in these matters.'

We entirely agree with him when he says:—

'Probably too little attention has been given to theological literature in England. There are few books on it in our language. Every one familiar with the modern works published by theologians and critics in various lands and languages knows, that there is no English book which gives a fair or adequate idea of the present state of opinion in this department. The author therefore proposes to supply a want which many doubtless feel; and in regard to which it is not always expedient to direct the young theologian to the most recent publications in Germany.

'It is matter of congratulation, that the class of inquiring Bible students is rapidly increasing. Amid the conflict of opinions truth must always eventually prevail. The Scriptures will bear and repay the closest investigation. In the light of a true philosophy, guided by an humble spirit, they will shine out with a fairer lustre. And yet there are many well-meaning men who entirely discourage the reading of such books as contain new researches into the region of theological science, especially those written in the German language. They denounce them as dangerous. They sound the alarm of heresy. They raise the cry of an *infallible, anathematizing* ignorance. But in the meantime curiosity is excited. Men's sympathies are drawn in the direction of the accused. The depreciated books are read *in spite of* denouncements, or rather all the more eagerly *because of* them; and their essence is reproduced in English works. On this account, it seems to be the wiser course to prepare for all the objections that may be urged against the New Testament. It is better even to anticipate the diffusion of certain subtle cavils in the field of Christianity than to decry them at a distance, or to be overwhelmed by their novelty when they are fairly imported from other lands.

'It is the writer's belief that the books of the New Testament are destined ere long to pass through a severe ordeal. The translations of various continental works which have recently appeared in England, and the tendency of certain speculations in philosophy, indicate a refined scepticism or a pantheistic spirit, which confounds *the objective* and *the subjective*, or unduly *subordinates* the former to the latter. Many are disposed to exalt their *intuitions* too highly, to the detriment of *the historical*, as Kant did his "Pure Reason."

'These observations will serve to show why the author has gone with considerable fulness into objections that have been urged in modern times against the New Testament books, and especially against the Gospels. He thinks it highly probable that such objections will appear in one shape or other in this country. Hence he has partially anticipated their currency. It is true that they are known to a few English scholars even now; but they are destined to be more widely circulated.



Perhaps most of those who are at present acquainted with them are able to set a right value on them without having their minds injured: but the circumstances of the case must change in proportion as the sceptical considerations in question are revealed to a wider circle, unless pains be taken to send a sufficient antidote along with them.'—*Preface*, pp. v.—vii.

We are well aware that here, as indeed everywhere, there is danger in opposite extremes. It is far from being an uncommon thing for a writer in any department to attach undue *relative* importance to the class of inquiries that have most fully engaged his own attention. It is more than possible to attach undue importance to knowledge, as compared to the moral and spiritual attributes of religion. Unhappily there is a strong temptation among reading men, if they happen to be ingenious as well as diligent, to find out applications of their knowledge which are new, indeed, but neither grounded in solid principles, nor safe in their practical working. Nor can we conceal from ourselves the fact, that literary speculations on questions which owe all their interest to their connexion with religion, have too often been carried on, not without a religious spirit merely, but with an *animus* that betrays itself in the cold negation, the insidious suggestion, the withering doubt, the artful obscuration of plain facts, which are as positively irreligious as the grosser forms of impudent and daring infidelity. We should attach little value to literary criticisms on Homer or on Horace, by a man whose only recommendation is a grammatical knowledge of Greek or Latin, but who is destitute of the taste, and wit, and imagination, that would lead him to sympathize with the genius of the poet. Infinitely less do we care for the opinions of any scholar who approaches the Gospels without reverence for the authority which gives them their characteristic sacredness, and without love for that mysterious One, whom they reveal. We are as fully persuaded as we are of anything, that a *religious* sympathy with the writers of the Gospels in that which is their unquestionable aim—the manifestation of the glory of Jesus Christ—is indispensable, not, indeed, to the acquirement of general scholarship and discrimination, but to the right method of applying such acquirements to this particular case. An irreligious, irreverent, unchristian bias will delight in finding imperfections, in creating difficulties, in imagining contradictions, in manufacturing suppositions, in making out a case for perplexing the believing and devout; while an equally informed, and equally acute, believer and lover of what is proved beyond contradiction to be true in the New Testament, discovers in the self-same materials the confirmation of his faith, and fresh incitements to devotion.

On the other hand, there is such a thing as being *so* sure we

are right, that we become afraid of being convinced that we are in error. There is a dogged adherence—something akin to old-fashioned thorough-going loyalty—to received and settled traditions in religion, an orthodoxy that is arrogant because it is timid; timid, because it is ill-informed; and ill-informed, because it has been moulded by men to whom dictation is easier than instruction, and obedience more welcome than intelligent assent. We are naturally disposed and accustomed on principle, to deal gently and tenderly with all who are on our side in controverted questions. We are glad to have their suffrages, their influence, their support, on behalf of what we are earnestly maintaining as the true and the right cause. Their cheers are sweet to us. We love them for their good honest sense in agreeing with ourselves. We should be sorry for their sakes, and for the world's sake, to see them desert our colours and go over to the enemy's ranks. We are certain that it is better, better for all parties, that, with their habits of mind, they should be where they are, than anywhere else. We listen with inward complacency—we confess it—to their bluff abuse of new-fangled notions, and foreign ideas, be they French, Italian, or German. We are unspeakably delighted with the home-spun logic that looks straight on to the conclusion, which being bad, all the argumentation is only so much the worse, in proportion as it inevitably tends to such nonsense, or impiety.—All this, however, may go too far. Truth has foundations. Christianity consists of truths for holding which good reasons can be rendered. There are times when we must condescend to inquire, to discriminate, and argue. Persons are growing up in schools, and in colleges, and in the great University of human life, who get the notion, somehow or other, that there is sense in other countries as well as in England; that the New Testament may be viewed from points a little wide of our latitude of orthodoxy; that the Reformers, and beginners of existing systems, had no patent for monopolizing either the power, or the right, of private judgment; that men who are strangers to the merits of a particular question, are not a match, on that question, with others who have mastered it by years of study; and that one may sincerely and earnestly believe all that the New Testament writers teach, and yet differ from wise and good men in much that they have taught respecting the *outward* history of their books.

Now seeing that matters stand thus, we are glad that so much has been done in this volume, and we shall await with some impatience for those that are to follow. The volume is complete in itself. It contains the result of much reading and examination on the chief historical and critical questions relating to the Gospels. The remaining books of the New Testament will be

considered in a second, and, most probably, a third volume.—We think it due to so serious an undertaking that we should remind some, and, if need be, inform others, of the grounds on which we think the present work is fairly entitled to a more than ordinary share of attention. We are disposed to lay some stress on these considerations with a special reference to the recent progress, and the apparent prospects, of theological learning generally, and of this department specially, in Great Britain, as compared to other parts of Europe.

Dr. Davidson has amassed a large amount of information on the subjects to which this work refers. It is a line of study in which he has long been at home. He has not contented himself with the study of such authors as have been usually read in this country from having been written in Latin, or translated into English, but he has acquired a familiarity with the entire range of biblical scholars who have written in German. There is no fact, we should think, known to German *literati* on these subjects, no opinion expressed by any of them, which is not well known to him; so that he is not in danger of betraying his reader into errors which our learned neighbours, from more accurate information, would have corrected. The best scholars in every province of learning freely admit that our brethren in Germany lead the way; and it is scarcely too much to say that, hitherto, they have had the field of *Introductions*, in the technical sense of the term, almost entirely to themselves. The Prolegomena of Walton, Mill, and Lee, the Prefatory Discourses of Whitby, Marsh's translation of Michaelis, and the separate introductions to particular books of Scripture in the most approved commentators, had indeed placed within the reach of English readers a brief view of most of the questions treated in this department, and had indicated the sources of information to those whose tastes and whose leisure might induce them to prosecute them further; but in such introductions as those of Credner, Hug, Eichhorn, Bertholdt, Feilmosa, Scheckenburger, De Wette, Reuss, Weisse, Hase, Meyer, Olshausen, Scholtz, Kuinoel, Herbst, Jahn, Hävernich, Schott, Neudecker, Guerike, to say nothing of numerous separate treatises, and constant contributions to the organs of periodical literature in Germany, there is a fulness and minuteness of discussion which would greatly surprise such English theologians as have not resorted to them. Now Dr. Davidson has evidently used and examined all the works to which we have referred; and, laden with the fruit of such reading, he has produced the volume before us.

To the reading of these German authors this writer has brought a healthy understanding, an independent judgment, a disciplined power of critical reasoning, and that which is above these, in



our estimation, a truly christian reverence for sacred truth. His work would have had much value in our eyes, if it had been merely a compendium of the views of other men, offering the materials and the means for judging in relation to controverted topics; but it is a great deal more than this; and much better; it gives us the benefit of the author's own judgment, which is not seldom opposed to that of eminent German writers, together with a simple and luminous exposure of the fallacies he rejects, and of the principles by which he is guided. Allowing to well-informed and thoughtful men the freedom of determining every question according to its appropriate evidence, he corrects their information when it is erroneous, explodes their theories when they are delusive, while on many occasions he shows that a whole heap of difficulties have had no existence but in the imaginations of the men who have either urged them, or struggled to resolve them when urged by others. There is a self-confiding straightforwardness in Dr. Davidson's way of getting through his work which, in a writer of inferior attainments, would be set down to the account of rashness; but, in the present case, it is attributable to a large degree of moral simplicity and uprightness. If he usually eschews harsh and ugly words in speaking of those from whom he differs, neither does he soften his arguments against their opinions with gentle phrases, still less does he flatter those with whom he agrees as prodigies of learning, and paragons of virtue. We fancy that the cool judge-like impartiality with which this doctor treats the pet argument of some other doctor, may be more vexatious than a round scolding. The long-cherished beliefs of some worthy people—people as wise, too, as they are worthy—are put aside without ceremony, without a sigh, without an apology, but, on the whole, we dare not add, without reasons which have been as satisfactory to other minds as they are to his own.—The large number of topics introduced has necessitated a good deal of condensation; and the upshot of many a tedious German controversy is very plainly put in a few words. At the same time many questions are thoroughly discussed at a length which will probably be thought disproportioned to their importance by those who are not aware of the great importance attached to them by the accomplished in such matters. For example, here are fifty pages devoted to the proof that the original Gospel of Matthew was written, not in Greek, but in the Aramæan dialect. The proof appears to us to be nearly perfect. The objections which have been hitherto brought against this position, are not many nor strong, and we think they are fairly and logically dealt with. Yet, with all our high regard for the writers on both sides, and for this writer especially, we venture to suggest that for any practical bearing of the question, a much shorter

disquisition would have sufficed for all English readers, even for those who needed such additional light as can now be thrown upon the subject. The substance of Dr. Davidson's contribution on this question, may be given in the following brief summary. The historical evidence of the fact alleged is found in the testimonies of Papias, Irenæus, Pantænus, Origen, Epiphanius, and Jerome. Eusebius appears to have agreed with the early testimonies referred to in his 'Ecclesiastical History.'

'Let us now pause to consider this account of the original Gospel of Matthew. It runs through all antiquity. None doubted of its truth, as far as we can judge from their writings. There is not the least trace of an opposite tradition. Matthew wrote in Palestine; and all the fathers who record the traditional information respecting his Hebrew Gospel, resided for a longer or shorter period in the very country where the book was written, with the exception of Papias and Irenæus. Origen, Eusebius, Jerome, and Epiphanius, spent some time in the birth-place of the first Gospel. Is it not, therefore, strange that they should have found no trace of the fact that Matthew wrote in Greek, not in Hebrew? Could all vestiges of the truth have thus disappeared in Palestine? Was it not the interest of the Catholic Christians to preserve and cherish the tradition of a Greek original, since they adopted the Greek Gospel alone as canonical? When we consider that the true original was in the hands of sectaries, such as the Nazarines and Ebionites, though it had been disfigured by additions; and that the voice of tradition, as reported by the orthodox fathers, spoke in favour of the Aramæan, does it not seem unaccountable, that the orthodox Christians should never have adduced the hypothesis of a Greek, instead of an Aramæan original, had that hypothesis been founded in fact? Surely all their feelings would have induced them not to allow the true account to disappear out of Palestine utterly, so that they could not even venture to hint at the possibility of a Greek, instead of an Aramæan original.'—P. 37.

To these historical evidences are added several other arguments. It is shown that the Gospel was written for the use of the Jews in Palestine; that there is no proof that the Greek prevailed in Palestine so as to supplant the Syro-Chaldaic; that the Jews were tenaciously attached to their own language; that, according to Josephus, the greater part of the Jews were better acquainted with their native tongue than they were with Greek; that the Jewish historian had composed his own account of the Jewish war in his native tongue, before he wrote it in Greek; that Josephus was employed by Titus to address the Jewish army in their native language; and that the same eminent Jewish writer speaks of the Greek as a foreign language, but of the Aramæan as the vernacular language of his people. These considerations are strengthened by a reference to Acts i. 19, where it appears that the Aramæan word *aceldama* be-

longed to the 'proper tongue,' the prevailing language of the region. It is further noticed that Paul addressed the people at Jerusalem in *the Hebrew dialect*. A passage from Jerome's 'Life of Hilarion' shows 'that Syriac or Syro-Chaldaic was not extinct in Palestine in the fourth century.' As the Church in that country, at the time when Matthew wrote his Gospel, consisted partly of native Jews, and partly of Jews of the dispersion, who had come to the feasts at Jerusalem, it is well argued that 'they would scarcely have listened with patience to the Gospel in any other language than that which was substantially the language of the law.' We are reminded, moreover, that Frankel, in his 'Vorstudien zu der Septuaginta,' has proved, in opposition to the assertions of other writers, that in Palestine the Scriptures were read in the original Hebrew, not in the Greek version. The use of the Chaldee Targums is brought forward, or rather alluded to, as implying 'that the people understood no language so well as the Aramæan.'

'We rest chiefly on the circumstance that Josephus terms the Syro-Chaldaic *πάτριος γλώσση*, as contrasted with the Greek, to which latter he applies the appellation *ξένη καὶ ἀλλοδαπή διάλεκτος*. Which, then, of these two would Matthew, writing to his countrymen in Palestine, naturally choose? Even supposing the natives of Palestine to have been as familiar with Greek as with Hebrew, would he have preferred the foreign dialect to that which they had learned from their infancy, and which was best fitted to procure a favourable hearing? We are far from denying that the Greek language prevailed to a great extent in Palestine in the age of Christ and his Apostles. But there is abundant evidence to show, that Aramæan prevailed at the same time, and, as we believe, to a greater extent; that it was the national language to which the Jews were accustomed from their earliest years, and which they naturally liked the best. When, therefore, it is considered that Matthew, as a Jew, wrote a Gospel for the use of his Jewish brethren in Palestine, it is reasonable to conclude, that he would employ the language for which they had a predilection.'—P. 41.

Dr. Davidson acknowledges the great skill and ingenuity with which Dominic Diodati,\* and Hug, have opposed these views of the Hebrew original of Matthew's Gospel. But he shows, we think satisfactorily, that they reason on insufficient grounds, and that the strong Hebrew peculiarities of this Gospel, which are much stronger than in the other Gospels, and especially the mode of quoting passages from the Old Testament, are in favour of the hypothesis to which he himself adheres.

Dr. Davidson makes very light of arguments against this hypothesis, which the older writers built on *à priori* views of the Divine conduct, and the nature of inspiration, while he enters

\* De Christo Græci loquente, p. 152, *et seq.*—Dobbin's reprint.



into a laboured refutation of the arguments founded by Hug and Professor Stuart, on the translation of the Syriac version from the Greek, on the absence of the marks of translation in the Greek Gospel, on the *Paronomasia* of the Greek Gospel, and on the exclusive reference to the Greek, in the citations and allusions made by the fathers.

Who was the writer of the Greek translation of this Gospel, is not known. Jerome says, 'Quis postea in Græcum transtulerit, non satis certum est;' to which Dr. Davidson adds, in a tone somewhat characteristic, 'This is the true account of the matter; and if Jerome professed his ignorance on the point, Theophylact and others should have followed his example instead of indulging in fruitless conjectures.'

On the hypothesis—which has been maintained by Townson, Whitby, Benson, Hales, Bloomfield, and others—of a twofold Gospel by Matthew, the doctor combats the arguments of Thiersch\* and Orelli.† He calls it 'a clumsy expedient, devised for the purpose of uniting two conflicting opinions—for saving the credit of ancient testimony, which is on the side of a Hebrew original, and of meeting, at the same time, the difficulties supposed to arise from the early circulation of the Greek.'

'If these authors be desirous to abide by the testimony of antiquity, why do they assume that Matthew himself was the translator? Does not the fact, that the fathers never suspected the Apostle himself of producing the Greek Gospel prove that it was universally believed not to have proceeded from him? They who followed the prevalent tradition, conjectured that the Greek copy proceeded from John, or James, or Luke, or Paul, but never dreamed of ascribing it to the Apostle himself. Thus the advocates of the double hypothesis go in the face of ancient testimony. Besides, they believe that Matthew wrote in Hebrew, for the use of Jewish converts. Do they also suppose his Greek Gospel to have been intended for the same class? If so, the latter was plainly unnecessary: one Gospel was sufficient for the same persons. Or do they believe that the second edition of it was designed for Gentile Christians? If so, the notion is contradicted by internal evidence, which proves that it was written specially for Jews. In short, the hypothesis is wholly untenable, and we are surprised that it should have found so many advocates.'—P. 52.

We do not profess to be among the 'many advocates' of this hypothesis. If we were, we do not think that we should be driven from it by such arguments as those which we have quoted. We might ask this writer—can he not conceive of one portion of Jewish believers to whom the Greek was not at all familiar, and another portion of them to whom it was?

\* Versuch zur Herstellung des Historischen Standpunkts, etc. p. 193.

† Selecta Patrum Ecclesiæ Capita, p. 10.

And, though the internal evidence is in favour of the belief that this Gospel was written especially for Jewish Christians, might it not be written (as in fact it was, or, translated) as part of that testimony which was to last for all time, and to be diffused among all nations? We do not know what Dr. Davidson's opinion is respecting the language in which the Epistle to the Hebrews was written. It would be out of place to introduce a discussion of that question here. But we recollect that, according to Eusebius, Clement of Alexandria affirms that it was written in the Hebrew language, but that Luke translated it into Greek, and published it to the Greeks. In the same sense, we presume, the words of Origen, also quoted by Eusebius, are to be taken. (Eccles. Hist. lib. vi. c. 14.) Jerome, too, says (See *Vir. Illustr. Paulus*,) 'He wrote as a Hebrew to the Hebrews in pure Hebrew, it being his own language.' We have certainly no remains of a Hebrew epistle; neither have we a copy of the Hebrew Gospel of Matthew. Our only reason for now referring to it is this: in whatever way we deal with the epistle, we may probably, so far as the two languages are concerned, deal also with the Gospel. At any rate, it appears to us, that, on a question of such a nature, Dr. Davidson's language might have been less positive and more respectful towards writers of great learning and judgment, without lessening his own authority.

The sections relating to the characteristic peculiarities of Matthew's Gospel, its apostolic origin, and authenticity, its integrity, and the time and place at which it was written, are full of minute and careful examinations, on which we have not space to enter. The characteristic peculiarities are, the mode of narration, and the abundance of Hebraisms. Credner has produced forty-three groups of such peculiarities. Dr. Davidson holds to the opinion of Hug, Feilmosa, Olshausen, and Greswell, in opposition to the old theory revived by Eichhorn, Marsh, Kaiser, Scheckenburger, De Wette, and others. The old opinion, thus revived, is, that the narrative of Matthew is strictly regular, in chronological order: the theory which appears to Dr. Davidson to be the only correct one is—that, while this order is, for the most part, preserved, it is often neglected, for the purpose of grouping together facts or discourses, classified on a different principle from that of time, or of place.

On the apostolical authority of this Gospel, it is shown that the earliest writers treated it as a sacred and authoritative book. Passing over the Apostolic Fathers as affording, at most, but doubtful aid in settling this matter, the author cites Papias, Justin Martyr, Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus of Antioch, and Hegessippus, in support of the general statement; and he refers to Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Jerome,

and the Fathers who followed these, as, according to universal admission, bearing witness to the same fact:—

‘Our conclusion therefore is, that, as far as historical testimony and all the probabilities of the case point the inquirer, a Greek Gospel, the faithful representative or substitute of an Aramæan original, appeared during the life of John the Apostle, which Christians universally received as sacred and authoritative. The author (translator?) indeed must ever remain unknown; but whether he were an Apostle or not, he must have had the highest sanction in his proceeding. His work was performed with the cognizance and under the eye of apostolic men. The reception it met with proved the general belief of his calling and competency to the task. Divine superintendence was exercised over him.’—Pp. 72, 73.

Dr. Davidson enters into a sifting examination of the objections which many German writers, especially De Wette, have drawn from internal considerations against the authority of this Gospel. In the course of this discussion, much light is thrown on the value of the *argumentum à silentio* in general, and, specially, as applied to the omissions in this Gospel. It is shown that the omission of all that relates to our Lord's ministry out of Galilee, however difficult to account for, is not inconsistent with the fact that the Gospel was written by an eye-witness. The omission ‘is not confined, however, to Matthew, but belongs also to Mark and Luke. It has been conjectured, that it arose from the circumstance of the Apostles having first taught in Jerusalem, where it was unnecessary to relate what had happened in the vicinity, but where the events which had occurred in Galilee were unknown, and therefore required to be narrated. This explanation appears very probable.’ In like manner, a calm and rational answer is given to objections drawn from Matthew's account of the rising of several dead persons;—from the difficulties involved in the account of the conduct of the Sanhedrim, of Pilate, and of the women, at the close of the twenty-seventh, and the beginning of the twenty-eighth chapters;—from the alleged repetition, by mistake, of the same transaction in the ninth chapter, thirty-second verse, where the disposition of a dumb dæmoniac is mentioned, and the twelfth chapter, verse twenty-second, where the healing of a blind and dumb dæmoniac is recorded;—from the want of graphic power in a writer professing to be an eye-witness;—from apparent adaptations of the history to the writer's mistaken opinions of the application of certain prophecies;—from the incorrect and confused manner in which some of our Lord's discourses are represented as given;—from the obscurity charged on the Evangelist with respect to the dignity assumed by Jesus as the Messiah;—from the inconsistency between Matthew's account of our Lord's



baptism with that given by John;—from the unhistorical character of the narrative of the temptation of Jesus;—from the alleged superfluity, impossibility, and imperfectness of the miracle referred to in chapter seventeenth connected with the tribute money, and the fish;—from the cursing of the fruitless fig-tree;—and from the account given of the *time* when the Last Supper was instituted. In relation to all these objections it is shown that their apparent force lies in *assuming* certain interpretations of particular passages, in *taking for granted* that one Evangelist contradicts another, and then charging Matthew with the error which is inferred from these assumptions, and this supposition.

On the much-litigated question of the genuineness of the first two chapters of Matthew, Dr. Davidson maintains the affirmative, on grounds which we think cannot be shaken.

We took occasion, not long since, to express our views of Eichhorn's hypothesis of the origin of the Gospels.\* A lengthened examination of that hypothesis is presented in this publication; and the whole question of the Correspondence of the First Three Gospels, together with the opinions respecting it propounded by various writers, is amply discussed.—Against the notion of *one original Gospel*, Dr. Davidson objects—The silence of Luke, of Papias, and of all antiquity;—the exceedingly fragmentary and imperfect character of such a supposed document, as manifest on a comparison of all that is common to the three Gospels;—the difficulty of seeing what practical end could have been contemplated by such a document;—the complicated and artificial processes by which the hypothesis connects the writing of each Gospel with the supposed common origin of all the three;—and the failure of this hypothesis to meet many of the circumstances of the case.

The scheme which would account for the agreements in the three Gospels, by supposing that *one writer copied from another*, is handled with much patient attention to all the forms, and favourable lights, in which it might be regarded; but it is rejected as untenable. Of the explanation of the coincidence by referring it,—with Herder, Eckermann, Paulus, Sartorius, Kaiser, Schleiermacher, Gieseler, Guericke, Thiersch, and others, —to a common oral tradition, Dr. Davidson remarks:—

'That there is much truth in it cannot be questioned; but that it contains the whole truth, and no more, few will be so bold as to assert. The measure, as well as the adjustment of truth which it exhibits may be fairly canvassed; but that it is absolutely destitute of foundation, it were idle to affirm.'—P. 404.

De Wette, Olshausen, and Meyer, explain the correspondence of the first three Gospels, by combining the hypothesis of an

\* Eclectic, vol. xxiii. April, 1848.

oral tradition with the opinion that one Evangelist made use of the Gospel of another.

Dr. Davidson's own solution, which he proposes, 'after much reflection,' as more probable than any other, is this: that an oral germ of a Gospel in the Aramæan language, arose in the first Christian Church at Jerusalem from the conferences of the disciples; that this was corrected and authenticated by the Apostles; that the truths and facts thus brought together were afterwards promulgated in Greek by the Apostles and their converts; 'that the habits of the Apostles—the character of their education—the poverty of the Alexandrian dialect—the mode of oral interpretation to which they had been accustomed as Jews—the age in which they lived—conspired to bring the oral narratives into an archetypal form, which was subsequently transferred to the written Gospels;' that written documents existed before the Evangelists began to write, and were in general circulation; that Matthew, who was an eye-witness, needed not to resort often to these written accounts, but that both he and the other Evangelists consulted these records, which, proceeding as they did from eye-witnesses, were uniform in their character; that the Apostles themselves were not likely, from their habits, or from the promise of the Spirit to bring all things to their remembrance, to have made written memoranda of their own; that the oral tradition was fluctuating; that the oral and the written traditions do *not* account for some minute singularities of expression, nor for the complete Evangelical narrative which we find in the three Gospels; that oral preaching, not writing, was the Evangelical work of the Apostles; and that so long as they continued in Judea, there would not be any occasion for a written Gospel, authorized by them; that when Matthew was about to leave Judea—where the people had been accustomed to written oracles of Divine authority, he left with them a written Gospel, at a time when the oral preaching and tradition had continued for about twenty years, while for reasons, in some respects, similar, the Gospels of Mark and Luke were given ten years later; and that the manner in which the knowledge of the facts in our Lord's history was thus perpetuated, the reverential fidelity with which the first churches preserved that knowledge, and the brief space which intervened between the death of Christ and the publication of all the three Gospels, are entirely opposed to every form of the theory which assigns to these Gospels a mythical origin.

'And here a circumstance should be taken into account which, though often overlooked, is of no small importance. The promise recorded in John's Gospel (xiv. 26), secured infallibility on the part of the Apostles to whom it was given. Whatever meaning may be

attached to the prediction, one thing is clear, that it secured the minds of those to whom it belonged from material error, enabling them to give a faithful account of what they had heard. They were not liable to failure of memory in regard to the truths of Christianity, or the principles enunciated by its Founder; but were under the continued influence of the enlightening Spirit, who led them to a correct apprehension of all that related to moral truth. By virtue of this promise, an unusual elevation of mind belonged to the Apostles. They were *inspired*. This fact must have had an important bearing on their teachings, oral and written. They were thus conducted in the true way, so that the representations given of the words of Jesus must have been *substantially accurate*, agreeably to the genius of the two languages with which they had to do.—Pp. 420, 421.

We have said enough, we trust, to give our readers a fair view of the general character, and the many special excellences of this 'Introduction,' without proceeding, as we should have done most gladly, had our space allowed, to his elucidations of the Gospels of Mark, Luke, and John. With regard to each of them, he has fully entered into questions similar to those discussed in connexion with the first Gospel.

The value of this work consists, mainly, in condensing so large a body of information, gathered from extensive reading in works not generally resorted to by English students; in furnishing principles, data, arguments, and conclusions, in opposition to the conjectures of negative and sceptical critics; in opening the way for a more elaborate and detached consideration of the numerous questions suggested to inquirers; and in exhibiting what we consider to be, on the whole, a satisfactory view of the actual state of the four Gospels, and of the *critical* reasons for abiding by the reverential confidence with which it has always been the habit of Christians to regard them.

As it is our duty to give an impartial judgment, we are called on to say that, in our opinion, these pages indicate a needless preference of German to English authors. For anything that appears in the present volume, the theology of our language might not have contained such works as 'Jones on the Canon,' 'Dr. Campbell's Translation of the Gospels,' 'The Literary History of the New Testament,' and others that might be mentioned; while numerous works in German are referred to, which, in point of information, or available argument, are of no value whatever. There is a perpetual deference, moreover, to a state of opinion not existing to any extent in this country, which looks as if the author were writing more for German than for English readers. We may add, that in some places—at pages 185—187, for example—there is a want of *continuity* in the arrangement of the matter: after a topic has been apparently left for another, we are unexpectedly brought back to it. We question whether



the correspondence of the first three Gospels would not have been introduced more appropriately before, than after, the inquiries respecting the Gospel of John.

We would have said, that an Introduction to the New Testament, to be complete, should contain some guiding principles for determining the question of accommodation in the Gospels to the prejudices of the Jewish people; for refuting the notion—so common in Germany, and now so insidiously working its way in America and England—that the natural must be separated from the supernatural, so as to believe the one and disbelieve the other; and for exposing both the theory and the application of the theory, of the mythic origin of statements which the Christian people have always regarded as the authentic narratives of fact: we would have said this, if we had not remembered that Dr. Davidson has already given his views of these matters in his *Sacred Hermeneutics*. Even as it is, we offer it as a respectful suggestion, whether the present work would not be improved as an introduction, by some chapters on these subjects, especially as the *title* refers to the Interpretation of the canonical books.

In the concluding pages of this volume, we find a reference to 'a recent attempt\* to overthrow the mythic theory by a new argument, which aims at proving a different period' (different periods) 'for the composition of the Gospels, and of the Epistles—an early date for the former, and one considerably later for the latter (other). The proposer's object is to show that the names by which the Saviour is designated in the Gospels and in the Epistles respectively, differ in such a manner as to demonstrate the priority of the date belonging to one division of the New Testament compared with the other.' 'The baselessness of the entire argument' is shown by referring to the beginning of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, to the Apocalypse, to the Epistle to the Hebrews, and to the Acts, in which the same mode of describing the Saviour is used, that which the propounder of the new argument represents as characteristic of the Epistles; and by affirming that the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Corinthians, Romans, Philemon, Colossians, Ephesians, Philipians, were written before the Acts of the Apostles.

The author of '*Tentamen Anti-Straussianum*' has admitted that the form *Ἰησοῦς Χριστός* occurs five times in the Gospels, and that the form *Ἰησοῦς* occurs in the Epistles; but he has shown the broad fact, that *Ἰησοῦς* in the Gospels occurs in the proportion of fourteen to one to *Χριστός* in the Gospels, and that *Χριστός* in the Epistles occurs in the proportion of *ten* to *one* to *Ἰησοῦς* in the Epistles,' and that thus the immense predominance of

\* *Tentamen Anti-Straussianum*, by O. T. Dobbin, LL.D. 8vo.  
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'Ἰησοῦς is, on the whole, characteristic of the one, as that of Χριστός is of the other.' Hence his statement, so far, is not weakened by the examples adduced by Dr. Davidson. The argument founded on the use of these terms in the Acts, and in the priority of some of the Epistles to the Gospels, is of great force against Dr. Dobbin's inference; and we agree with his censor in objecting to the one-sidedness of making 'the single point overrule all internal and external evidences.' Still, it should be mentioned that the fact of a different usage prevailing in the Gospels and in the Epistles respectively, is one deserving of attention. While Dr. Davidson accounts for the use of the proper name, *Christ*, at the beginning of two of the Gospels, he admits a 'contrary usage in the body of the Gospels themselves,' which refer 'to a period prior to the decided and general recognition of the Redeemer's dignity,' when 'the proper name, *Christ*, would not have been exactly suitable.' *During* the period, then, which is represented in the Gospels, the one mode of describing the Saviour prevailed; while, *after* that period, the other mode of describing him prevailed. This is the real distinction, on which, according to our view, Dr. Dobbin's argument should have been built. The refutation of the mythic theory, appears to us to be perfect, if, instead of the *date* of *writing* the Gospels, we look at the date of the *facts* exhibited in the Gospels, and then compare the usage in question with that which prevailed from the time when Jesus was declared to be the Son of God, the Christ, by his resurrection from the dead.

Having stated our views so decidedly in favour of the class of works to which the volume before us belongs, and of the volume itself, as having strong claims on the English student of theology, we wish to guard ourselves from the imputation of giving such studies a higher place than that which we think they ought to occupy. We look on such studies as exterior to theology, preparatory, subsidiary, strictly what they profess to be—elementary. All the questions relating to this department being settled, on good and well-considered grounds, then the *study of the Gospels*, with a view to their sacred design, must be carried on, not only with the lights of scholarship, but with the power of grasping the facts, penetrating the characters, appreciating the truths, which these Gospels present, and, above all, in the devout and practical spirit which sympathizes with the human, and adores the divine, in HIM to whom the inspired writers of the Gospels have borne witness. We could quote from the volume before us many passages that beautifully exemplify what we mean. With one of them, we, for the present, take our leave of the writer, gratefully acknowledging the service he has here rendered to the most sacred pursuits of man, and praying that

God may spare his life and vigour to complete what he has thus begun, as well as to accomplish other works for which he is so eminently qualified by his industry, his experience, and his sound religious taste.

‘ Much has been written concerning *the mysticism* of John, as it appears in the Gospel. Without entering at length into a consideration of the point, it may be stated generally, that it has been too largely assigned to the philosophy of the period. Alexandrian theosophy has been investigated to little purpose, in order to account for what is termed the mysticism of John. The ideas respecting Deity developed in the work; the inadequacy of language to describe relations in the Godhead apart from metaphor, the sublimity of the subject being too vast to find a fitting vehicle of human material; those spiritual connexions of which the writer speaks which are necessarily obscure to the finite understanding; and a cognate, allegorical spirit pervading many of the Jewish writings, will serve to explain the shadowy dimness encircling some portions of the Gospel. Perhaps the writer’s mental temperament led him to adventure occasionally into the region of uncreated spirit, as he meditated on the wondrous person of the Redeemer, and the still more marvellous, though partial revealings of his essential nature, which he deigned to make in the days of his flesh. The abstract spirituality of the leading ideas, as expressed in the prominent terms of the Gospel, must be regarded as the main source of that mystic colouring which some critics have greatly exaggerated. Who can presume to look into the pavilion of the uncreated glory without being dazzled and bewildered? Or who may apprehend and lucidly express the secret relations of Father, Son, and Spirit?—  
P. 339.

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ART. VII.—*The Fairfax Correspondence. Memoirs of the Reign of Charles the First.* Edited by George W. Johnson, Esq. Two Vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1848.

A FITTER period than the present could not have been selected for the publication of a work like this, which illustrates the manner in which the noblest revolution of modern times was effected. The overthrow of the French monarchy in 1789 may be thought by many a more wonderful event, but, if we examine the history of our own civil wars, from the first conflict of the Parliament and Charles Stuart, to the public execution of that prince, we shall be forced to the conclusion, that in no portion of the world’s annals do we find a juster or more glorious



popular struggle terminating in victory. No doubt the French revolution has been celebrated by more distinguished historians. Lying much nearer our own times, and abounding besides with far more terrible tragedies, it necessarily possesses a greater fascination for the public at large. But to statesmen desirous of comprehending the laws which regulate the dissolution and reconstruction of states, no history offers so many lessons of political wisdom as that of our English civil wars.

Among the phenomena which render memorable our great revolution of the seventeenth century, none is so remarkable as the appearance at once of so many great men. Every page of the annals of that period teems with illustrious names. In the civil contests of other countries the most brilliant reputations are often tarnished by crime. Our ancestors who took up arms for liberty felt that they were, in the truest sense, soldiers of the Cross, and fought to emancipate themselves and their country not only from civil despotism, but from that thralldom of conscience which, to the upright and virtuous, is far more galling. Religion, nominally free, was yet encircled by many chains. Instead of being immediately derived from the source of all purity and goodness, it was supposed to owe much of its force to the co-operation of authority; and instead of being the supreme guide and instructor of man, it occupied, in the estimation of power, but a secondary place, which was accorded to it through a species of regal courtesy.

In this age of philosophical impartiality it is less common than might have been anticipated to see full justice done to the Puritans. Mistaking indifference for enlightenment, we censure their intrepid assertion of opinion, and bestow the name of fanaticism upon their single-hearted earnestness. But when history finds leisure thoroughly to investigate the records of those ages, it will make the discovery that the Puritans, far from being the narrow-minded enthusiasts which superficial writers figure to themselves, were the Stoic warriors and philosophers of the Christian system, great in the cabinet, illustrious in the field, but humble, gentle, and submissive on their domestic hearths, and in their closets before their God. Stern, no doubt, they were at times in the public relations of life, for this accorded with the doctrines of their school. Among the virtues they cultivated, justice was the greatest; not because they were insensible to the beauty of mercy, but that, in an age of laxity, when sin reigned triumphant in high places, it seemed necessary for those who sought to reform their contemporaries to begin by reforming themselves. And yet, who that draws aside the exterior veil, and contemplates the Puritans by their fire-sides, can fail to be struck by the warm affections, the generous and

heroic friendships, the maternal tenderness, the impassioned and endearing love, which allied themselves in their hearts and manners with the beauty of holiness? Silent as they were respecting their feelings, and loath to display them, either as an example to their own times, or for the instruction of posterity, we have yet on record a thousand instances of the most fervent and romantic attachments among the Puritans. Of course, they are dimly discerned between grim martial figures and ghostly teachers; but they are visible, nevertheless; and in the loves of Mary Chulmly and Henry Fairfax, a small part only of which is brought to view, we behold how violently the heart could beat beneath the simplest garb of Puritanism.

Already numerous works illustrative of these truths have issued from the press, but few more charming or full of instruction than the volumes now before us, which open up and throw fresh light on all the great questions, the agitation of which convulsed that revolutionary epoch. Democracy had then its sincere lovers and martyrs, who stood forward nobly in the midst of perils and persecutions to defend from the assaults of arbitrary power the rights of their countrymen. But there were likewise renegades in those days; men who, having put their hands to the plough, were allured to look back by court corruption. Their own virtue was too weak to enable them to put faith in the virtue of mankind. They could not trust the people; but, when the opportunity offered, thought it best to purchase titles and preferments with the infamy which succeeding ages would be sure to heap on their names. None loved the people but the high-minded and the good. The people for the most part can only repay attachment with that love which weighs as nothing with base minds. They think it a slight matter to be apotheosised by public opinion, and to have their memories kept warm through all time in the hearts of mankind. But in the struggle with Charles Stuart, there were those who took a different view of this subject, and in order to hold an honourable place in the history of their country, and to have their names enrolled with those heroes and patriots whose glory has been bequeathed to us by antiquity, were prepared to make any sacrifice of property or life.

Nevertheless, the nation has not yet done them full justice. The heartlessness and profligacy diffused like a pestilence over the country by the Restoration, deadened the pulse of gratitude in the heart of the people; and it was not until time had restored our moral health, that we began boldly to look back and inquire into the virtues of our Puritan forefathers. But it is never too late to do honour to the illustrious dead. They have all future ages for their patrimony, and if one genera-

tion be unjust, their expectations can wait till some other, more enlightened and grateful, shall take the sacred task upon itself.

We are at length beginning to enter on this work of pious retribution. The literary treasures of the past are patiently dug out by industry ; and history, assiduously removing the undeserved ignominy which negligence and selfishness had suffered to accumulate, adds one bright name after another to the muster roll of fame. Cromwell, Ireton, Sir Harry Vane, Oliver St. John, Sir John Elliot, and many others, have already in part been restored to the affectionate remembrance of the country. But much yet remains to be done, which can only be accomplished by works like the 'Fairfax Correspondence,' ostensibly special in their object, yet contributing to fulfil a general purpose ; that, namely, of rescuing from oblivion or obloquy the mighty leaders of the party to which England owes its liberties.

To some extent, our slowness, as a nation, in recognising the merits of those to whose wisdom and valour we owe our deliverance from despotism, is owing to want of skill on the part of the writers and editors who have applied themselves to the revival of the acts and monuments of the Commonwealth. They would generally seem to possess no distinct idea of their own object. Matters of mere curiosity, which throw no light on politics, morals, or manners, are suffered to intrude themselves in the midst of documents of the highest importance. Order, arrangement, purpose, and propriety, are sacrificed to the rage for accumulation. Instead of a well-ordered cabinet, where we are able immediately to put our hands on whatever we want, we have an old curiosity shop, in which armour, statues, pictures, are mixed up with consecrated beads, strips of ragged tapestry, broken tables and chairs, tarnished gold lace, rusty mirrors, and old-fashioned wigs.

From this objection the 'Fairfax Correspondence' is not entirely free. Many documents are introduced merely because they belong to the times on which the Correspondence touches. Things, however, may be of intrinsic value, and yet unsuited to the pages of a particular work, and, therefore, if introduced at all, they should constitute an appendix ; so here, if properly epigraphed and numbered, they might easily be consulted by the historical student. However, with volumes so full of interest, so strikingly illustrative of the infancy of the Commonwealth, so pregnant with political instruction, and so thoroughly pervaded by liberal principles, we will not quarrel for their redundancy of materials. Indeed, we would not willingly lose anything of what the editor has given us, though we could have



wished that, in some parts of the work, a more rigid spirit of arrangement had been adopted.

It would be easier on such a publication to write a dozen articles than one. We might, if we had leisure, amuse our quiet readers by collecting all the anecdotes of the Fairfax family, showing how it rose, flourished, and declined; how it acquired honours and estates; how it married and intermarried; how several of its members engaged in travels and adventures abroad; what contributions it has made to learning and literature, and to the traditional virtue of the country. But this task we for the present decline. Far more stirring materials lie before us connected with the hypocritical despotism of Charles I., which all that men have spoken and written on the subject has not yet rendered familiar to the country.

Many persons, misled by Clarendon and the echoes of the 'Eikon Basilike,' for the work itself is no longer read, imagined Charles I. to have been a sort of regal Don Quixote, ever ready to combat *à l'outrance* for privilege and Divine right, but otherwise mild and gentle, amiable and forbearing. They look on Vandyke's portrait, and fancy they discover in that long, sad, half fabulous physiognomy, proofs of their erroneous theory. But history is here at odds with art. Whatever Charles I. may have looked, he was in character fierce and vindictive, false of heart, intemperate of tongue, and inaccessible to those sweet touches of humanity which partly redeem the faults of some bad men, and make us almost love them in spite of their imperfections. But all Charles's sympathies were for the wicked. His most attached favourite and counsellor, besides being notorious for stupendous profligacy, lay under the suspicion of having poisoned his father; Wentworth was a political apostate and a cruel tyrant, like himself; Laud was a narrow-minded bigot, capable of any crime at the suggestion of fanaticism, and who would have filled with propriety the office of grand inquisitor; Henrietta Maria, his queen, was a compound of superstition and frailty, to the last degree unamiable, yet, like many other bad women, possessing unbounded influence over the infirm and wavering mind of her husband. Besides, could any man, with a grain of Christian meekness and charity in his heart, have endeavoured, as he did, to prevail with the judges to revive the use of torture, in order to gratify his vengeance against a particular offender? And when the sons of a patriot who had been assassinated through the instrumentality of malaria and confinement in the Tower, petitioned for their father's body, that they might lay it piously by the remains of his ancestors, could any man of common humanity have refused the request, carried his vindictiveness beyond the grave, and com-

manded the great man's bones to be interred in the prison where he died?

But we shall not here attempt concisely to recapitulate the illustrations of Charles Stuart's character, supplied by the present narrative, and many other recent works. Our object is rather to justify the popular party than to criminate its adversary. We desire to show that our ancestors were not a revolutionary rabble, naturally inimical to authority, excited to violence without cause, and intent upon establishing a new form of government through a pedantic preference of one theory over another; but a sober-minded, prudent, humane, just, and godly people, who regarded liberty as the gift of Heaven, and as soon as their minds had come to the knowledge of this truth, determined, 'come weal, come woe,' that neither potentates nor power should deprive them of it. Those were the men, the noblest and most valiant that England's soil has ever yet produced, and we, their descendants, ought to regard it as a sacred duty to purify their glorious memories from the false accusations preferred against them by venal and calumnious historians.

It would be entirely beside our purpose to present our readers with a brief sketch of the reign of Charles I.: we shall adopt a totally different course, in the hope of inducing them to go carefully over the whole history of the period for themselves, not in the partial narratives of our older writers, but in those works of the present day, based on original documents which, for the first time, may be said to have laid open the true records of those times. Charles II. is universally known to have been a pensioner of the French king, and to have carried on his degrading pleasures with the money he received for betraying the interests of his country. He only followed, however, the example set him by his father, the first Charles, who, at the instigation of his wife, and with the full concurrence of his minion, the Duke of Buckingham, sold a portion of the English navy to the monarch of France, to be employed against the Protestants. The narrative of this transaction, as given by the editor of the 'Fairfax Correspondence,' is as follows:—

'The hostility of the Commons against Buckingham,' he says, 'was founded upon a knowledge of the fact, that the duke had actually sold a part of our navy to the French king, to be employed by him against his Protestant subjects; and, also, that the Court party had been tampering with the popular leaders, a manœuvre which was unreservedly acknowledged by the Lord Keeper.

'The sale of a portion of the navy (an act nearer to treason than the worst crime for which Strafford was impeached) took place while the parliament was sitting at Oxford. The late king had promised

the aid of our navy to the French, on condition that it should be employed only against Genoa, and that the majority of men on board should be English. Admiral Pennington, in the "Vanguard," while lying off Dieppe, was ordered, by Buckingham and Sheriff Conway, to deliver up his ships to the French monarch; an order which he peremptorily refused to obey. Money, dignities, were offered to him by the French envoy in vain. Threats made as little impression. His dignified reply was, "I will not deliver over my ships." They menaced him with death; but, said the valiant sailor, "I had rather the king should take my life than to have a hand in the surrendering or undervaluing such a bulwark of the kingdom." The crew were so outraged that, without waiting for orders, they got up the anchors and set sail for England, the Admiral *naïvely* observing, "I must confess I heard what they were doing, but let them alone because I saw they had reason."

Upon this affair it is unnecessary to indulge in many observations. Attempts have been made by some writers, among others, by Mr. D'Israeli the elder, to diminish the odium which the shameless sale of a portion of our navy was calculated to fasten on both king and minister. They affect to believe that the ships thus transferred, were not intended to act against the Protestants. Admitting the correctness of their supposition, the fact could merely be pleaded in mitigation. But it was not so. The ships were intended to act, and did act, against the Rochellois, and the 'Vanguard,' in the words of a contemporary writer, 'mowed them down like grass.' There was never a bad king, who, if he desired to possess a minister like himself, experienced any difficulty in finding one. Tiberius had Sejanus, and Charles I. had Buckingham. Congeniality of sentiment united Charles, we may suppose, to this unworthy person, and made him risk everything to screen him from the vengeance of parliament. The Commons desired to proceed against him as a poisoner, as a tyrannical administrator of public affairs, and as a corrupter of the sovereign. What was the real secret of Charles's infatuation may never, perhaps, with certainty be known, but history leaves us in no doubt respecting the force of that infatuation. The king preferred quarrelling with his parliament, going without legal subsidies, alienating the feelings of the country, and being driven to the necessity of plundering all classes of the community, rather than deliver up his minion to justice. Never did Catharine II. of Russia invest any one of her favourites with greater authority than Charles conferred on Buckingham. He was all-powerful in the court, all-powerful in the kingdom. Hated by all virtuous men, he continued to exercise unbounded influence over the king's mind, till the very hour of his death; and when he fell, his master lamented him as an affectionate man laments his wife or his child.



This strange attachment offers a complete key to the events which characterised the early years of Charles the First's reign. It never occurred to him to reflect, that by pertinaciously screening his guilty favourite, and dissolving one parliament after another without permitting the business of the country to be transacted, he became the author of misery to millions. The thought, if it presented itself, never disturbed his mind. The moment parliament displayed any inclination to allude to the poisoning of the late king, its immediate dissolution was inevitable, as Charles preferred having recourse to the most flagitious acts of despotism—such as seizing on the property of the rich, imprisoning and ruining those who refused obedience to his tyrannical commands, and when poverty stood in the way of his avarice, impressing and making soldiers of such honest citizens as could not satisfy his wicked desires. Very much like a martyr this! And very worthy is his name to be coupled with those of saints and sufferers for the truth! But he was a prince, and in the eyes of some persons, 'power, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins.'

They who are acquainted with the principles of our constitution, as it now stands, will scarcely think it credible that any first magistrate of this country should ever have attempted to govern without parliaments. But Charles was a prince *sui generis*. He tried several Houses of Commons, and was always accustomed at their first meeting to salute them with peremptory commands and threats. He probably remembered how they had been treated by Henry VIII., and wished to repeat the insult. But times were changed, and he could not immediately make up his mind to behead or otherwise dispose of the people's representatives; so he at first contented himself with dismissing them with every possible mark of scorn and contumely. When left to himself he proceeded, as we have already observed, to seize upon the property of the people under the name of forced loans, to which numbers yielded a sort of sullen obedience. But a very great number were refractory, and all over the kingdom the prisons were filled with recusants. This was more especially the case in London, where, as Sir William Constable wittily observes, the prisons were the only merry places. 'The air,' he adds, 'as the matter is now used, is one and the same to all.' In other words, London itself was nothing but one vast prison. But in spite of oppression, the patriots of those days were resolved to preserve for their country the name of Merry England, and thereby show their tyrant that even incarceration could not break the spirits of a brave people,—resolved, in Hudibras's expression, to

'Fight it out, mordicus, to death.'

We forget the word which is commonly applied to the coiners and utterers of base money, but we believe it is not complimentary, and our forgetfulness will prevent our applying it to Charles I. In conjunction, however, with his minister, he tried this method of filling his coffers. But here again, as on other occasions, Charles's infirmity of purpose stood in the way of the fulfilment of his will. Possessed by the passion of dishonesty, he cowered beneath the infamy which its open perpetration usually brings along with it. He might, no doubt, have sheltered himself behind numerous examples, since kings, from time immemorial, have been accustomed to put in practice all sorts of arts for the defrauding of the people. We give in Mr. Johnson's words the concise history of Charles's attempt at passing twelve hundred thousand bad shillings.

'The self-defeating policy,' he says, 'of issuing a debased coinage was resorted to, and Buckingham, without consulting the rest of the council, actually had £60,000 worth of base shillings put into circulation, at the command of the king. Sir Robert Cotton demonstrated that the depreciation of the currency was a measure of short-sighted expediency, and fatal to commerce. In vain did Buckingham interrupt him with the impertinent query, 'Are you come here to instruct the king and council?' The king appreciated the soundness of the reasoning, the debased money was recalled, and the Master of the Mint received the reprimand which should have fallen upon the Duke.'—Vol. i. p. 75.

Mr. Johnson, with a leniency of disposition more creditable to his feelings than to his judgment, thinks people ought to sympathize with Charles in these self-imposed humiliations. A sense of justice renders us more stern. We reserve our sympathies for the oppressed and injured people, and refuse to waste them upon an individual who had only to relinquish his propensity for tyranny to be supplied to the utmost of his wishes by parliament. We think it would be an offence against Providence to commiserate such a man. The nation was suffering the most grievous calamities. Thousands of religious and noble men were expiating in prisons offences and delinquencies not their own; industry was smitten with paralysis; trade was all but annihilated; and all this because the king 'did not choose even so far to listen to his people's complaints, as to let his pampered favourite stand the issue of a trial.'

Then followed the disastrous expeditions of Rochelle and the Isle of Rhè, and of the attempt at keeping up an army without adequate finances. In reading the brief outline of what occurred in London, we are forcibly reminded of what took place in France in the last agonies of the monarchy. The ragged, ill fed,

unpaid soldiery rioted through the city without restraint, and paid sundry visits to places where they were anything but welcome :—

‘London was scoured by seamen and soldiers, roving even into the palace of the sovereign. Soldiers without pay form a society without laws. A band of captains rushed into the duke’s apartment as he sat at dinner, and, when reminded by him of a late proclamation, forbidding all soldiers to come to court in troops on pain of hanging, they answered that whole companies were ready to be hanged with them; that the king might do what he pleased with their lives, for that their reputation was lost for want of their pay to satisfy their debts. A mob of seamen obtained a promise of their pay from the king himself, exhibiting a scaffold at Tower Hill, where they said the duke should have been.’—*Ib.* p. 83.

The outrages they committed in the country, as appears from a letter from Denzil Hollis to Sir T. Wentworth, were still more startling and significant :—

‘Since these wars, all trading is dead, our wools lie upon our hands, our men are not set on work, our ships lie in our ports unoccupied; land, sheep, cattle, nothing will yield money; not to speak of the soldiers ravishing men’s wives and daughters, killing and carrying away beeves and sheep off the ground, (stealing of poultry was not worth the speaking of,) killing and robbing men upon the highway, nay, in fairs and towns, (for to meet a poor man coming from the market with a pair of new shoes, or a basket of eggs or apples, and to take them from him, was but sport and merriment,) and a thousand such petty pranks, came a dozen of them to a justice of the peace and deputy-lieutenant’s house, and make my lady give them five or six pieces to be gone. Why, we Western lads respect not such things as these, so we have war, and to be in action, for as you say, our prizes make amends for all!’—*Ib.* p. 84.

Many of our readers will probably be familiar with Lord Herbert of Cherbury’s ‘History of the Expedition in *Rheam Insulam*,’ in which all the details then within reach are carefully collected; but we forget whether that courtly personage tells, or not, the anecdote of the lady who was imprisoned by order of the king, for jocularly denominating it the ‘Expedition to the Isle of Rue.’

Of course such of our senators as find leisure to read the past history of their country, are familiar with the style in which Charles I. accustomed himself to address his parliaments. Some allowance must be made for the established manner of kings who, misled by the foolish idolatry of mankind, would appear to believe that there really exists in them some natural superiority to other people. Charles I. was afflicted with



this sort of lunacy. He could not bring his mind to comprehend that he was really the first magistrate of a great people, who had set him up, not for his private benefit, but for their own. He looked, on the contrary, upon the people as his herd, with whose lives and fortunes it was lawful for him to do what he pleased. He learned better in the long run; but when he opened the parliament of 1628, it is curious to notice the language in which, while asking for subsidies, he thought proper to address them. His speech is a strange mixture of threatening pride and the affectation of piety. He could not foresee that some, whom he then scorned and menaced, would thereafter be placed above him by Providence, and sit as his judges. He was master for the time, and resolved to let them feel it.

‘Every man now,’ he said, ‘must do according to his conscience; wherefore if you (as God forbid) should not do your duties in contributing what the state at this time needs, I must, in discharge of my conscience, use those other means which God hath put into my hands to save that which the follies of particular men may otherwise hazard to lose. Take not this as a threatening, for I scorn to threaten any but my equals, but as an admonition from him that, both out of nature and duty, hath most care of your preservations and prosperities.

‘I will only add one thing more, which is—to remember a thing, to the end we may forget it. You may imagine that I came here with a doubt of success of what I desire, remembering the distractions of the last meeting; but I shall very easily and gladly forget and forgive what is past, so that you will at this present time leave the former ways of distractions, and follow the counsels lately given you—to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.’—*Ib.* p. 93.

This, it will be acknowledged, was not precisely the language of a martyr. He had been trampling upon the rights of parliament, invading, illegally, the property of the people, and in every way setting at nought the institutions of the country, and yet ventured to talk in this way to the great council of the realm, ‘of forgetting and forgiving,’ while all that was to be forgotten or forgiven was his own misdeeds. The reader of the ‘Eikon Basilike’ will remember the maudlin sentimentality there put into his mouth, and attempted to be palmed off upon the country for religious feeling. In that work he says his whole reliance during his troubles was on prayers and tears, which Milton happily ridicules in the ‘Eikonoklastes.’ Let the reader contrast that declaration in the Bishop of Exeter’s forgery, with the scoffing speech in the following extract:—

‘At its first meeting, and after the recess, the parliament, considering the state of the Protestants in France, commenced by petitioning for a general fast; a course, however consonant with the suggestions

of sober and religious minds, not at all in unison with the thoughts and desires of the king and his courtiers. Charles granted their petition, but was sufficiently petulant and ill-advised to accompany his acquiescence on another occasion with the scoffing remark, that "certainly fighting will do the Reformed Churches more good than fasting." —*Ib.* p. 95.

It is impossible to peruse the records of those times without being forced to the conclusion that all parties were occasionally to blame; the people and the parliament, as well as the king. To deny this, would be to be wanting in the proper sense of justice and integrity. We must occasionally, therefore, in the exercise of moderation and impartiality, censure the intemperate proceedings of the popular party, not forgetting, however, to make due allowance for the provocations offered by the court. But there is something in human affairs which looks like destiny to us, because we are not always able to lift the veil that conceals the secret causes of events. This seeming destiny may be denominated the necessity of circumstances, which, to escape from laborious investigations, historians have boldly put forward as an apology for the crimes and errors of statesmen.

Without at all adopting this theory, we are fain to admit that, in the mental and moral condition of England, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, there were many features which must now perplex the most diligent inquirer. The men of those days were acting under influences which traced their origin far back in our history. They were agitated by the ocean-swell produced by the past storms of the Reformation, and the revival of literature. Without being fully conscious of it, they were acted upon by the voice of antiquity, inculcating democratic principles in all our seats of education, disgusting men with the rude institutions of the North, aiming heavy blows at feudalism, and sowing everywhere the seeds of those doctrines which now, at length in our own times, have convulsed the whole civilized world.

Had a man of prudence and moderation been then on the throne of Britain, he might unquestionably have overcome the difficulties which surrounded it. One safe course only lay open, and that was the course of gradual concessions, gracefully and cheerfully made. Such a man would have applied himself diligently to comprehend the signs of the times, and would have made the discovery before it was too late. But, unfortunately, Charles I. was neither prudent nor moderate, but, with the most extravagant ideas of regal power and Divine right, threw himself against the expanding intelligence of the age, with a desperation scarcely intelligible in these days. He was, meanwhile, surrounded by advisers actuated by feelings and principles identical

with his own. Instead, however, of seeking to convert this circumstance into an apology for his tyranny, as many historians and political writers have done, we must admit that it constitutes one of the most legitimate charges against him. He had the whole body of the nobility, gentry, and clergy from among whom to select his counsellors, and in all these classes there were many upright and moderate men, of whose services he might have availed himself. He preferred the base and unscrupulous, because, instead of consulting his interests, which, properly understood, were the same with those of the country, they flattered his passions, and administered audaciously to his power.

If we seek for illustrations of this truth, we find ourselves embarrassed by the multitude of examples. Hardly had Charles I. a single man of honour about him. All were corrupt, base, sordid, ready to counsel and abet any act of despotism which might inflate his pride and advance their own fortunes. Several leaders of the people fell away from their duty, and became the king's most mischievous instruments; and among these was Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who expiated his apostasy and crimes against liberty with his blood. But to multiply charges against the king's ministers, is not in any degree to diminish the guilt of the king himself. Bad princes easily find bad instruments. The original fault lies with him who makes the selection, and sets them on to do evil, for his own personal advantage. To argue otherwise is to forfeit all claim to the respect of the country, since it is to the last degree pitiful to suffer the real author of mischief to escape, and direct all our attacks against the miserable agents he employed in accomplishing it.

Fortunately the servile narratives of historians, like Clarendon and Hume, and the sophistries and fallacies of political writers, though they may cast a temporary obscurity over facts, cannot obliterate them. Say or write what they please, the circumstances of those times remain on record—and may, and will be interpreted by the intelligence of each succeeding age. We of the present day bring to the study of them a spirit very different from that which inspired most of our predecessors. Our sympathies, directed by the gospel, are with the oppressed and persecuted people of God, who sought to maintain at the same time truth and their own liberties, against a wicked and superstitious court, in which the mingled bigotries of two churches fermented and overflowed against the religious peace of the nation. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand;' and a court with High-church husband and Popish wife, with bishops for statesmen, and priests and Jesuits for secret advisers,



could not with reason expect to escape the fate of lesser, but not more guilty mansions.

In spite of this court, the revolution in the feelings of the country proceeded. It is a fundamental principle of our constitution, that our government should be carried on by Kings, Lords, and Commons. Charles set his face against this system. It is true, that when he wanted money, he assembled parliament, and endeavoured by threats to extort supplies from it, without agreeing to redress any of the grievances of which the people complained; but when petitions and remonstrances poured in from without, when the Commons bestirred themselves to bring evil-doers to punishment, Charles suddenly pronounced a dissolution, and resolved to govern like a Czar of Moscovy, or a Turkish Sultan. And such was the temper of those about him, that he never lacked instruments. He had his Star-chamber, his base and cringing judges, his subservient courts of law, his venal magistrates, and lord-lieutenant, with which to coerce both gentry, nobility, and people, and strip them mercilessly of their property.

If we could make ourselves merry with the sufferings of our forefathers, we should say there was something almost comic in their distresses, so absurd and monstrous were the pretences under which they were fleeced. Charles I., as a diligent student of Shakespere, had doubtless pondered upon these words: 'Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,' and he resolved to derive from his dramatic studies a maxim useful in politics. Casting his eye over the country, he discovered a number of his subjects who were far too modest to demand the honours which he graciously considered to be their due, but he would not suffer their humility to stand in the way of their preferment. So he determined to make knights, baronets, and lords of them, whether they liked it or not. This, it may be said, was playing the part of a great and generous prince, who singled out virtue in obscurity, to lift it up to high places, and challenge the admiration of the world.

There was, however, one little drawback to the king's bounty, which was, that if he gave the subject a title, he required that the subject in return should give him a large sum of money. The fact was, he put up titles and honours for sale, and had he stopped there, there might have been no great mischief; for in most monarchies both are obtained by much worse means. But the misfortune was, that whether people liked his goods or not, they were compelled to become purchasers, because the king stood in need of their money. Thus, many an honest country squire, many a fortunate adventurer, many a worthy and

pains-taking merchant, was suddenly raised to be a knight, a baronet, a lord, very much to his sorrow. It was no use to fight against the king's honours: the royal martyr had resolved to multiply knights and ladies; and his will was law, and so titles became as plentiful as blackberries.

This resource, however, was very far from sufficing to fill the royal exchequer and satisfy the extravagance of the court. Henrietta Maria had masses, and it was of course necessary that she should be surrounded by numerous priests to chaunt them, and a large body of those gentlemen has always been found to be an expensive article. The king also had his archbishops and his bishops, his lords and his lordlings, his favourites, and his armies, and all that costly pageantry too often supposed to be necessary to good government. Very large sums were consequently needed to satisfy the demands of all these state instruments. Hence Charles found himself under the necessity of betaking himself to irregular courses to support the splendour of his queen and servants: a thing, however, from which he was not averse by nature. By the aid of his bishops and lawyers, he devised many an ingenious scheme for filling his coffers, as the sale of monopolies, tonnage and poundage, and ship-money. But did the people submit patiently? We will lay an example before our readers, that they may see what manner of men were then found in England, and consider whether with such a people Charles's despotism was likely to last for ever:—

‘Richard Chambers, “the City of London merchant,” an emphatic designation earned by his wealth, fearlessness, and integrity, may serve as an example of the determined opposition made by the commercial community to those unparliamentary imposts. He was summoned with some others to the council board, then sitting at Hampton Court, and stood forth there to justify his refusal. He complained that his merchandise had been seized, and all opportunity denied him of disputing the legality of the levy, and that this and the insolencies of the inferior officers were such, that merchants in no part of the world were so screwed and wrung as in England; even in Turkey they had more encouragement. For this daring (construed into an attempt to set discord between his Majesty and his good people, though uttered in argument before the council), the bold merchant was committed to the Marshalsea; and being brought before the court of Star-Chamber, he was fined *two thousand pounds*, for intending to make the people believe that the king's happy government may be termed Turkish tyranny; and the lesson taught by this fact is not without point, that though many of the judges of the court were for imposing a fine of only one-fourth the amount inflicted, Dr. Laud and Dr. Neal, the Bishops of London and Winchester, were among those who were least inclined to leniency and mercy—they voted for a fine of £3,000. But this punishment, so totally in excess of the act committed, for it was no offence, did not

satisfy that black tribunal, and they called upon him also to sign an acknowledgment of it, and a confession of sorrow that what he had said was "insolent, contemptuous, seditious, false, and malicious." Chambers took the pen and wrote beneath the proffered confession these words:—"All the above contents and submissions, I, Richard Chambers, do utterly abhor and detest, as most unjust and false, and never to death will acknowledge any part thereof;" adding, among other quotations from the Scripture, this denunciation by the prophet:—"Woe to them that devise iniquity, because it is in the power of their hand: and they covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, and take them away; so they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his heritage." A quotation fully justified by the suffering and ruin visited upon himself, for throughout six years he was imprisoned in the Fleet; for nine months he was similarly incarcerated in Newgate for resisting the payment of ship-money; and more than £7,000 worth of his merchandise was seized.—Vol. i. p. 174.

Let it not be supposed that the case of Mr. Richard Chambers was a solitary one. Far from it. He was only one of hundreds, one of thousands, who were subjected to the same injustice and the same oppression. Some persons, nevertheless, who were full of compassion for the sufferings retributively inflicted on Charles I. himself, experienced no sympathy for persons like Chambers, who endured innocently the miseries inflicted on him. But the indignation of parliament began at length to display itself, as appears from the following scene: A remonstrance against the illegal levying of tonnage and poundage, having been introduced into the House, it was moved that it be presented to the king; but the Speaker refused to put the question, stating that he had an express command from the king. As soon as he attempted to leave the chair, he was retained in it by Mr. Hollis (son of the Earl of Clare), Mr. Valentine, and other members; Sir Thomas Edmonds, and others of the Privy Council, endeavoured to release the Speaker, but Mr. Hollis swore, 'By God's wounds,' he should sit until it pleased the House to rise.

'The tumult in the House was great and disgraceful; disgraceful because the opinion against the speaker should have been unanimous. The court party vociferously opposed the question being put: and the friends of the privileges of the House supported it with counter acclamations. Even blows were exchanged, and many laid their hands upon their sword hilts. In the lobbies it was believed that swords were drawn. From a manuscript letter of the period, it is stated that a Welsh servant came in great haste, and endeavoured to gain admittance, saying, "I pray you, let hur in; let hur in, to give hur master his sword."

'The speaker wept bitterly, whilst he declared he dared not put the question; but his tears were not for the trampled liberties of his country, they were the abject confession of fear for his own interests.



He was the creature of the Crown, and instead of daring to disregard its frowns by performing his duty to England, he implored the House not to force him to his ruin ; reminded it that he had been a faithful servant ; and concluded by saying, what his conduct belied, that he was ready to die for his country, but (which was more true), he did not dare to offend against the commands of his sovereign.

‘Selden felt that this pusillanimity was more worthy of contempt than pity, and told him “he had ever loved his person well, but he could not choose but blame him now, being a servant of the House, that he should refuse their command under any colour. His obstinacy would be a precedent to posterity, if it went unpunished ; for, hereafter, if they should meet with a dishonest speaker, and they could not promise themselves the contrary, he might, under pretext of the King’s command, refuse to propose the business and intendment of the House.”

‘Sir Peter Haymon was still more severe in his reproof. He told the speaker “he was sorry he was his kinsman, for that he was a disgrace to his country, and a blot upon a noble family ; that all the inconveniences, and even destruction, that should follow, would come upon posterity, as the issue of his baseness, and that he would be remembered with scorn and disdain.” He concluded by declaring his opinion that the refractory speaker ought to be called to the bar, and a new speaker chosen.

‘All these arguments, reproaches, and threats, were in vain ; the recreant speaker returned only tears and pusillanimous entreaties. Finally, Mr. Hollis was called upon to read three proclamations, which stated that whoever caused an innovation of religion, advised the imposition of tonnage and poundage without the assent of parliament, or whoever voluntarily paid it, if levied without such sanction, would be a capital enemy of the kingdom, and a betrayer of its liberty.’—Vol. i. p. 184.

Our limits, we find, will not permit us to enter any further at present into the history of the period, for which the work before us affords so many valuable materials. The editor has performed his duty, upon the whole, with judgment and discretion ; has collected and arranged his original documents with care and industry ; and the letters themselves, which he has now for the first time printed, well deserve to be rescued from oblivion. But, after all, the chief merit of the work consists in his own narrative and observations, in which he displays much temper and ability. Occasionally his stern sense of justice is subdued by pity for distress, which betrays him into remarks not strictly in harmony with the facts he is relating ; we allude more particularly in this observation to his account of Strafford’s trial, where the interest is not, of course, diminished by the lenity of the writer, though, politically speaking, it would have been more valuable had he been a more impartial judge. But his error, where he errs, is invariably traceable to kindness

of disposition, so that we readily forgive the fault, in consideration of the source from which it springs. We shall be glad, hereafter, to follow him through the remainder of his narrative, whose interest increases as it advances; but we venture to caution Mr. Johnson against his tendency to commit the too common mistake of biographers, which betrays them into the endeavour to screen the persons whose lives they undertake to write, even from just reprehension. While general of the Parliament's army, Sir Thomas Fairfax was deserving of much praise. He fought gallantly, and felt and acted like a good citizen. But there came a time, when, either through feebleness of character, or from motives still less respectable, he ceased to be true to the Commonwealth, and joined with its worst enemies to restore the former state of things. Up to this point only, therefore, can an honest editor accompany Fairfax with anything like approbation; afterwards he must couple him with Monk, who stands branded in history as one of the most ignominious traitors that ever disgraced the annals of any land. In saying this we are not prejudging the question of the Restoration, which we are not now discussing. Let that measure be determined to have been wise or unwise, odious or commendable, the renewal of tyranny and despotism or the sacrifice of freedom to peace, still Monk's character remains what it was—a compound of sordid selfishness and inglorious devotion to power, which, whatever rewards may have been heaped upon him, could not be otherwise than odious to posterity. Accordingly, every upright writer who touches on those times, shrinks with loathing from the treachery of Monk, whose name should ever be coupled with that of Ephialtes, who betrayed the Greeks at Thermopylæ, and that of the wretch who opened the gates of Rome to the Gauls. If Fairfax's conduct be less detestable in that matter, it was because he was less prominent. But the discussion of this part of the question we reserve till the narrative brings it properly before us.

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ART. VIII.—*Correspondence betwixt Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart., and F. H. Fawkes, Esq., Chairman of the West Riding Reform Registration Association. Leeds Mercury, December 16, 1848.*

MANY have been the elections of the West Riding of York, on which the entire nation has looked with deep and anxious interest. Since the memorable contest of 1807—in which the present Earl Fitzwilliam delivered the county from the domination of the Tories, and when Wilberforce stood FIRST on the poll as the opponent of the slave-trade—there have been only one or two elections which did not turn on some great public question, and the result of which has not been one great means of deciding those questions. The West Riding, indeed, has, for upwards of forty years, been the battle-field on which national questions of policy have been tested; and the *ultimate* verdict of its constituency has never yet been reversed. The slave-trade, parliamentary reform, *slavery itself, as a British institution*, and free trade, each have received their imprimatur—or their death-blow—in the majorities of its enlightened electors. No wonder, then, that the present contest has created a breathless interest in all parts of the empire. Grave, indeed, are the questions involved in it—but, before we touch on them, it is needful that we should give a very condensed history of those proceedings, of which the DECLARATION of the Sheriff, on Monday, the 18th of December, is the issue and the climax.

The death of Earl Carlisle, and the consequent elevation of Lord Morpeth to the peerage, took place early in October. Within a fortnight afterwards, the accredited agent of the liberal party convened a meeting of electors from the several polling districts of the Riding. Preparatory to that meeting, a number of the electors of the Leeds polling district assembled for the purpose of considering what course the liberals of Leeds should take at the approaching meeting, and on what principles they should require the candidate for their suffrages to speak out, as the condition of their support.

There was a preliminary question, however, to settle. At the election of 1847 Mr. Cobden had been brought out by the free traders of the Riding,\* and carried without opposition. He

\* It was *then*, and is *now* maintained, that Mr. Cobden was carried by a *coup de main* of the Lancashire free traders. This is only an attempt to blink the real facts. The Lancashire free traders suggested him, and honourably avowed they would not press his name, if the liberals of Yorkshire did not heartily take him up. The nomination of Mr. Cobden was the free act of the Leeds electors, and was responded to by *all* the manufacturing polling districts of the Riding.



would have been carried *against opposition*, if that had been attempted, and at the head of the poll. The electors assembled at Leeds, preparatory to the first Normanton meeting, had no desire to nominate a candidate, without reference to the wishes and opinions of the Whig landed interest. We do not mean it to be inferred that, on the occasion alluded to, they had disregarded the wishes and opinions of that section of the liberals. The first act of Mr. Cobden's committee was to associate Lord Morpeth's name with Mr. Cobden's, and to invite the committee of the noble lord to unite with them. But they did not feel themselves called upon to ask the permission of that committee, or rather of the influential body of noblemen and gentlemen whom it represented, to sanction the nomination of Mr. Cobden. Lord Morpeth, by rank and interest, so to speak, was the nominee of that class. The free traders of the manufacturing districts, forming upwards of three-fourths of the whole liberal strength of the Riding, and having, by their efforts to *qualify* in 1844-5, placed the liberal party in such a position on the register that Lord Morpeth was returned unopposed to that parliament which abolished the corn laws, felt that they had a right to nominate the second candidate. And let it be noted, they did not name Mr. Cobden as a *counterpoise*, but as a *coadjutor* with Lord Morpeth. Nothing could be fairer, or less offensive. How it was met, it is not our present business to state, but it may yet be needful to do so.

All the circumstances connected with Mr. Cobden's nomination and triumphant return, were recalled by the electors assembled at Leeds, prior to the famous Normanton meeting of October 17th. It was admitted by all, that the right of nominating the candidate *now* was with the landed interest. We stop not to reason with those who object to this, as a betrayal of the more forward section of the liberal party. As distinct from the representation of a mere numerical majority, we contend for the representation of all classes and interests; and holding the opinion, that because the House of Lords is a house principally of landowners, they (the landowners,) should not be represented in the House of Commons, to be a shallow fallacy, we say, deliberately, that a county representation which does not in the main represent the land, would not be a fair representation of the Commons of England.

But, whilst it was admitted that the nomination of the candidate was of right with the landed gentry, it was as firmly maintained that, without insisting upon perfect agreement of opinion on every great question of the day, there were *certain questions*, so important, and so imminent, that the Leeds electors could not conscientiously, and therefore *would not*, give

their support to any candidate who did not meet their views—*on those questions*. What those questions were is now matter of history, and notorious enough; but it may be well to record them here—FREE TRADE, ECONOMICAL REFORM, EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE, AND THE NON-EXTENSION OF RELIGIOUS ENDOWMENTS.

The full import of these few words, the initials of great and comprehensive matters of social and political economy, we shall have occasion to develop hereafter; it must suffice now to say, that, with two or three dissentients, the meeting affirmed them as the basis of its adhesion to the nominee of the landed interest, and delegated four of its number to represent the Leeds polling district at the Normanton meeting.

It is due to truth to say, that the electors of Leeds did communicate the terms of their resolve to the principal polling districts, and invited the leading liberals to consider them, and to send representatives to the Normanton meeting; but such was the *then* apathy of the liberal electors of the large towns, that only one district (Wakefield) sent delegates, although individual electors attended from the Sheffield, Holmfirth, Skipton, Pontefract, and other districts. Only three out of the twelve manufacturing polling districts were represented at all, and of the remaining fourteen districts not one; unless, indeed, Crompton Stansfield, Esq., M.P. for Huddersfield, could be considered as representing the Otley district, in which he resides, but with which he has little political connexion; the Rev. W. Armstrong, chairman of the Pontefract district, as its representative, and Lord Milton, his brother the honourable George W. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Newman, the secretary of the Liberal West Riding Association, as the representatives of the Barnsley district. Excepting the delegates from Leeds and Wakefield, there were none who were entitled to represent their respective districts, and there were several who were present at it, simply in an official legal capacity.

So constituted, the meeting was presided over by Lord Milton, M.P. for Wicklow, and eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam. It was proposed and agreed to, that the candidate should be named by the gentlemen present, connected with the landed interest. The proposal came from the Whig section of the meeting, and special reference was made by the proposer to the fact that Mr. Cobden represented the mercantile and manufacturing section of the electors. A little bye-play followed, obviously to ascertain the tactics of THE DELEGATES. There was no delay in making these known. Mr. Carbutt, then Mayor of Leeds, stated courteously, but firmly, the terms of the resolution which he appeared, along with his co-delegates, to support. That the aristocratic party in

the meeting did not like these, was soon apparent. But there was no direct resistance to any one of the four opinions. It was hinted that it was unwise to pledge a candidate; that the name of Fitzwilliam (Mr. C. Fitzwilliam having previously been proposed and seconded as a fit and proper person to represent the riding) was a sufficient guarantee for coincidence of opinion on the three first points; and that, as to the fourth, no measure of *further* endowment was before the nation, or known as contemplated by the Government, and, therefore, that was uncalled for.

It is necessary to say, in this place, that the resolutions passed at Leeds referred, not only to the endowment of religion in general, but specifically to the contemplated endowment of the Roman-Catholic priesthood of Ireland. After a protracted discussion, the *four points* were virtually assented to by the meeting (which, if not unanimous, gave no sign of dissent) in the following form:—‘That the Honourable Charles Wentworth Fitzwilliam is a fit and proper person to represent the liberal electors of the West Riding, and the gentlemen present at this meeting, pledge themselves to give him their support, *on receiving from him an assurance that he is favourable to the principles of free-trade, to economical reform, to a gradual and safe extension of the suffrage, and opposed to any further endowment of religion by the State.*’ The substance of the Leeds resolution was preserved in the Normanton resolution, the only difference being, that the *fourth point* was put generally; the gentlemen of the landed interest maintaining that, as no measure of Catholic endowment was actually before the nation, the special reference to that particular form of endowment was uncalled for, and might give offence. The resolution, so worded, was signed by Lord Milton, and the meeting separated.

The date of the Normanton meeting was the 17th of October. On the 24th, just a week afterwards, Mr. Fitzwilliam issued his first address. It was vagueness itself as to the principles of the honourable candidate, and it not only did *not* refer to the meeting at Normanton, as the occasion and the sanction of his *debüt*, but it specifically referred to the wishes of some other body than the Normanton electors, as having determined him to offer himself for the Riding.

It is unnecessary to go into minute details as to all the steps taken by the gentlemen from Leeds, Sheffield, and Wakefield, immediately on the issue of this address, to induce Mr. Fitzwilliam to express himself unreservedly on the *four points*; and to obviate the universal feeling amongst the liberal electors of the large towns, that his silence as to those points, and the absence of all notice of the Normanton meeting, was expressly



designed to show—firstly, his contempt of the delegates, and secondly, his want of sympathy with their views. Suffice it to say, that no act of the gentlemen from Leeds and the other towns, who were parties to the Normanton resolution, and no one act or resolution of the delegates from the twelve principal districts, assembled at Wakefield, shut the door to Mr. Fitzwilliam, and still less to the landed gentry. Whilst declaring their firm determination to support no candidate who did not sympathize with them on the four great questions, they made every effort, consistent with self-respect, to induce Mr. Fitzwilliam to withdraw in favour of some other party, named by the section of Liberals, of which he was a member, who agreed with them on those questions.

The appeal to Mr. Fitzwilliam and to the landed interest was alike in vain. Mr. Fitzwilliam announced his canvassing tour to the twenty-six polling districts, and made his first appearance at Leeds. We forbear to criticise the exhibition which he there made of fitness for senatorial duties. It was an act of cruelty on the part of his friends to pass him through the ordeal of such an audience. He visited one district more, Otley, and next day, wisely and, we are bound to say, gracefully withdrew his claim to the suffrages of the West Riding liberal electors.

We may, in this place, with most propriety, glance at the justification which has been attempted of the conduct of Mr. Fitzwilliam and his friends, in contumeliously shirking the Normanton resolution. We will put that justification in the words of Mr. Fawkes, in his first letter to Sir Culling Eardley. He designates the act of the Normanton meeting, as ‘an attempt to dictate to a great and influential party, what votes they shall require their representatives to give on particular questions that may come under their consideration in their legislative capacity, *as the condition* [the Italics are Mr. Fawkes’s] on which they are to be elected.’

We have had frequent occasions to notice Mr. Fawkes’s perspicacity of mind and his dialectic skill. Anything, however, but these, are evidenced in the passage quoted from his letter. We can account for some little beclouding of his clear intellect, and some unguardedness of ratiocination. For the first time in the course of twenty years Mr. Fawkes was *not* the Chairman of Committee to the liberal candidate; and he and his section of the liberals, have so long *headed a great and influential party*, that they have forgotten the exact proportion of the *head* to the *body*. Hence a certain tone of hauteur, and indignation, and ill-humour, in which temper of mind men do not see very clearly or reason very closely.

We venture to deny, absolutely and without reserve, the

charge of dictation ; and most emphatically the charge of dictation as to the *actual voting* of a candidate. We appeal to the Normanton resolution itself ! It says nothing, it implies nothing, as to actual voting ! It asks, and *asks alone*, for the present opinions of the candidate on four great questions. Does Mr. Fawkes demand of the liberal electors that they shall choose a man named by his section of the liberal party, without asking for any explicit declaration of that candidate's opinions on those questions, which they, the liberal electors, hold to be *the* questions of the day ? Or is he to be the sole judge as to what are *the questions*, agreement with which should be held as the warranty of a candidate to seek the suffrages of the liberal party ? Mr. Fawkes, we know, has admitted the right of the liberals of the manufacturing districts to name *one* Riding representative. Supposing the present occasion had been the turn of that section, would he have no question to ask as to that candidate's opinion ? Would he vote for him simply as the nominee of the other section of liberals, without reference to the political fitness, or the political opinions of the candidate ? Mr. Fawkes shall answer for himself. ' I should consider myself as shamefully betraying the confidence hitherto reposed in me by the party, could I, to *please a section of it*, give my support to any one, who, *at however distant a date*, would look with any satisfaction on the prospect of either a separation of Church and State, or of universal suffrage.'

We ask respectfully of Mr. Fawkes, is he only to have a political conscience ? We know the answer which his own better nature and his cooler logic will dictate : Certainly not ! If so, to have a political conscience implies the exercise of it. And in what manner it is to be exercised, other than it was exercised at Normanton, in seeking to *know* a candidate's opinion before support is promised him, we are profoundly ignorant. Perhaps the solution of the logical anomaly may be, that the liberalism of Mr. Fitzwilliam was patented in his name. Indeed ! Are politics, like Penelope's web, the mere repetition of meshes, formed and disentangled, day after day, with unvarying exactness and absolute monotony ? Are there no *new* questions in the political world ? Was not Mr. Fawkes chairman of the liberal election committee in 1831, when Parliamentary Reform was the *Liberal* test ?

We are half ashamed to argue so plain a case. It is unworthy Mr. Fawkes's intellect to put the defence of himself and his party on the asserted dictation of the Normanton delegates. The truth is, that *if* either Lord Milton or the Honourable George W. Fitzwilliam, the brothers of the youthful candidate, could or would have given any clear and definite account of the opinions

held by the latter—and that account had shown a *general agreement of political opinion with the delegates*, and more especially on the four points—they would have given their adhesion at once, with the simple record of the why and the wherefore of their adhesion—coincidence of opinion simply, *not the exaction of a pledge*. They repudiate any attempt to extort the latter ; they challenge Mr. Fawkes to gainsay their right to insist upon the former, as the indispensable condition of their support of *any* candidate.

Having disposed, *en passant*, of this stock objection to the conduct of the Normanton and Wakefield delegates, we may resume our narrative and our running comment upon it.

Simultaneously with Mr. Fitzwilliam's appearance before the electors of Leeds, Mr. Roebuck, ex-M.P. for Bath, appeared, somewhat in the character of an expectant candidate. A very brief history of the circumstances of his advent in the West Riding, is essential to a proper understanding of the course pursued by the Liberal party. Two gentlemen of Leeds, one of whom had held aloof from the Normanton and Wakefield party, whilst the other had taken an active part with them, believing that Mr. Roebuck would unite the liberal suffrages, and also considering him a most fit contrast to the scion of Wentworth, invited that gentleman to Leeds. On Monday, the day before Mr. Fitzwilliam commenced his canvass, a meeting was held at the house of one of these parties, consisting of some twelve or fourteen gentlemen from Leeds, Bradford, and Wakefield, to discuss the propriety of Mr. Roebuck's nomination. It was resolved, after considerable discussion, that the same persons who had a few days before, at Normanton, declined to name a candidate, should be convened to meet at the same place on the Wednesday next ensuing, 'for the especial purpose of considering the propriety of nominating J. A. Roebuck, Esq., as a candidate for the representation of the West Riding.'

On the very eve of this meeting Mr. Fitzwilliam retired. His retirement was officially and courteously announced by his solicitor, but no sign was given in that announcement, from which it could be inferred that the Fitzwilliam party were prepared to meet the Normanton party, in the selection of a substitute. There was nothing to prevent them so doing. The leaders of the latter section of the Liberals had used every effort to induce the withdrawal of Mr. Fitzwilliam in favour of some more suitable gentleman of the landed interest, even to the hazard of losing the confidence of their own friends, *but all in vain*.

It is obvious that Mr. Fitzwilliam's retirement placed the delegates who met at Normanton, within two hours after the fact was known in Leeds, *in a new position*. True, they were delegated



to do a specific thing, but that specific thing had reference to a state of affairs which no longer existed. As *delegates*, their power was at an end, and they might have left without mooted the question as to Mr. Roebuck's fitness at all. They saw, however, the exigency of the moment, and they took the course, which, could they fall back on their constituents for fresh instructions, they believed would be approved, and resolved there and then to settle the questions: first, Whether a candidate should be started, and second, Who should be the candidate? The two questions were decided together, by a resolution to nominate Sir Culling Eardley, and to convene meetings of the electors in all the polling districts, to procure the sanction of the electors in general to Sir Culling's nomination, and to raise the requisite funds.

We will not enter further into the question of the comparative eligibility of Sir Culling Eardley and Mr. Roebuck, than to say that a decided majority of the delegates present, were, at first, in favour of Mr. Roebuck, and be it observed, they represented the opinions of their respective polling districts; and that, notwithstanding this strong circumstance in his favour, he was set aside in favour of Sir Culling Eardley, solely on the strength of considerations apart from the comparative character, senatorial or otherwise, of the two gentlemen before the meeting. The charge brought against some of the parties present at that meeting, of having voted against Mr. Roebuck under the impulse of sectarian and personal animosity, is *utterly false*. Not one word was said by parties who had a clear right to find fault with Mr. Roebuck, for disrespectful and, we may say, injurious words as to them, of their objections to Mr. Roebuck on this ground. We repeat it, the decision was a fair and manly one, after a fair and manly discussion; and, now that the election is passed, we may state it as an almost demonstrable thing, that Mr. Roebuck, without suffering any disparagement in our opinion by the fact, would not have polled 8,000 votes. We say this advisedly.

Within thirty-six hours of the decision of the delegates at Normanton, Sir Culling Eardley's address was placarded on the walls of the principal towns of the Riding. Of that address, as of Mr. Denison's, as well as of the personal and political character of the two candidates, we shall say little. We are sure neither Sir Culling Eardley, nor Mr. Denison, will consider that they are used contumeliously, if we regard their part in the conflict just closed, not as principals, but as simple units of two great parties, put forth as exponents, or signs of opinion, and deriving their principal importance from that relationship to the two great parties in the West Riding constituency.

It is but justice to Sir Culling Eardley, notwithstanding, to

say, that one passage of his address was misunderstood by many even of his supporters at the first, and is *wilfully misrepresented now*, although both he and his friend have, again and again, given its true construction. Sir Culling Eardley contrasts the endowment of the Roman-Catholic priests with the endowment of the Protestant faith, as, respectively, 'an insidious and unworthy expediency,' and 'an acknowledgment of divine truth.' He does not mean that the Catholic faith and the Protestant faith are respectively 'an insidious and unworthy expediency,' and 'an acknowledgment of divine truth,' but that the endowment of the English Protestant Church is professedly based on the principle that it is a true Church, and that the same men who defend its endowment on that plea, *now* seek to endow a form of faith which they must hold to be essentially false, on an unworthy and narrow plea of political expediency. Sir Culling protests, vehemently protests, against this putting of truth and error on one level; and we opine that no conscientious Catholic would suffer the endowment of Protestantism in a country where the Catholic was the endowed faith, on any such plea as is now put forward to vindicate the endowment of the Irish Catholic priesthood, without a solemn protest against so dangerous a tampering with the national sensitiveness on questions of religious truth and error.

Further, we cannot refrain from saying of the two candidates, that Sir Culling Eardley, by his ability, his manliness, his transparent honesty, and his deep earnestness of principle, has won golden opinions of men of all parties, not blinded by political prejudice; and that Mr. Denison has vindicated for himself the character of high Toryism which he previously possessed; understanding by high Toryism, a determined resistance to all change, a blind attachment to things as they are, an open contempt of the people, as such, and a sullen acquiescence in alterations which cannot be prevented.

From the moment of Sir Culling's announcement, up to the closing of the poll, on Friday the 15th, it is almost superfluous to say, that the war of tongues and printing presses, and the forays of scouts and canvassers, into the quarters of the hostile camps, was incessant and most strenuous. But we pass to the issue.

The Sheriff's declaration gives 14,743 votes for Mr. Denison, and 11,795 for Sir Culling Eardley; majority, 2,948. The figures, as given in the *Times*, add up to 14,801, and 11,815; majority, 2,986. We cannot reconcile the totals and the details; we take the latter number for the purpose of analysis.

The Register showed about 33,000 actual electors. Of these, according to the recorded votes, or supposed politics of the respective electors, there were 18,180 Liberals, and 13,682 Tories,

leaving as doubtful or unknown, 1,138: a class, most of whom do not vote at all. The total number polled at this election being 26,616, it follows that 5,196, or a little less than one-fifth, did not vote. In 1841, 5,998 did not vote, on a gross register of 30,998, but as that register contained probably 2,000 duplicate entries, the proportion unpolled then was only about two-fifteenths. There are probably then 2,000 more neutrals at this election, than at the election of 1841. We shall presently show that the neutral electors at this election, belong principally to the liberal party, and are of a class not likely to vote at a future election for a Denison, or any Tory, although *now*, from pique or other causes, they allow a true liberal to be placed in a minority of nearly 3,000.

We must further dissect the register, in order thoroughly to comprehend the political significance of the contest just concluded.

It is necessary, however, to glance for a moment at the character of the West Riding constituency. The West Riding, in the variety of its physical surface, its occupations and productions, and the relative proportion of its manufacturing and agricultural classes, may aptly be taken as an epitome of England. It has, therefore, a large number of county electors in the agricultural polling districts,—chiefly of the class of occupiers of farms. We have already stated, that the districts which are chiefly manufacturing, as to the occupations of the population, are in number twelve; and those chiefly agricultural, fourteen. The former contain 20,700 actual electors; the latter, 12,300 only. Yet in the latter there are 4,135 occupiers, against 1877 in the former. We shall see, in the sequel of our analysis, how this large proportion of occupiers affects the final result.

Classifying the number in the Sheriff's return under the two heads of Manufacturing and Agricultural districts, we arrive at the following results:—

Fourteen Agricultural Districts	{ Voted for Denison	7,003
	{ Voted for Eardley	2,787

Majority for Denison	.	.	.	4,216
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Twelve Manufacturing Districts	{ Voted for Eardley	9,028
	{ Voted for Denison	7,798

Majority for Eardley	.	.	.	1,230
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Total Majority for Denison	.	.	2,986
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We do not wish to say one word of harsh and unjust disparagement of the electors of the agricultural districts; but this



we may say, and *justly*, that, as a class, they are half a century behind the electors of the towns in political intelligence; and as to political independence, it is a jest to talk of it. We have little else to do, in estimating the comparative number of Liberal and Tory voters in some 300 or 400 townships, out of the 656 in the Riding, than to ascertain the politics of the landlord; and we could select dozens of them—all the electors of which are farm occupiers,—in which, to a man, the vote is Tory or Liberal, *just as is the landlord's*. It is customary with the canvassers of such townships, in the event of a property passing from a Tory to a Liberal owner, or *vice versâ*, to reverse the markings in their canvass-books, in accordance with the change of ownership.

Now, it is this class of voters who have returned Mr. Denison. The towns have rejected him by a majority of 1,230 out of 16,826 votes—the rural districts have elected him by a majority of 4,216, out of 9,790 votes!

Notwithstanding the strength of these rural votes, Mr. Denison would have been second on the poll, but for the desertion of certain liberals. It is exceedingly difficult to say, exactly, how many reputed liberals have voted for Mr. Denison. It is obvious that the proportion of unpolled electors on the *entire Register*, cannot be applied to the respective number of Liberal and Tory electors, unless both parties have voted in equal ratios. Now we know positively that the number of neutrals amongst the Tory party has been at its minimum this election; and, on the other hand, that the neutrals amongst the liberal party have been far above the usual proportion. We can then only make a proximate calculation. Estimating a variety of elements, and comparing a great diversity of data, we arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Denison is indebted to the votes of some 2,500 to 3,000 *soi-disant* liberals for his return as member for the West Riding; leaving a neutral party of from 1,500 to 2,000 liberals, who, if their fidelity to their principles may be held questionable, have not yet repudiated or betrayed them. We pass now to the moral of our narrative.

Two questions suggest themselves, naturally and forcibly, in connexion with the events we have detailed at such length.—First: What has caused the secession or desertion of a small, but influential section of the Liberal party to the Tory ranks?—and secondly: What will be the future distribution of parties in the Riding?

There is always a false solution of events like the recent election, studiously put forward by some of both parties, to blind the public judgment, and to answer some sinister or party ends. It is so now. The recreant liberals allege the conduct of the anti-state education party last year—the bigot-cry, so called, of

Sir Culling Eardley against Catholic endowment, and the latent hostility to the Established Church veiled under the hypocritical words of the Normanton resolution, slightly paraphrased 'the non-extension of religious endowments.'

Now we are bold to say it is none of these, nor all of them combined, which have governed the conduct of the influential Whigs of the West Riding at the recent election. The two first pleas may, in fact, be summarily disposed of. The leaders of the movement against the "Minutes of Council of Education," in Leeds and elsewhere, announced at the first meeting of the electors, that they should not make the question of state-education a hustings' question at all; and as to Sir Culling Eardley's bigotry,—the secession of the Whigs was three weeks antecedent to his being named as a candidate, and to that expression of his views on Catholic endowment, on which the charge—false as we have shown it to be—rests. As to the third alleged ground, the simple fact of dissent is a standing protest against all state endowments or state interference as to religion. The Dissenters of the West Riding have never shrunk from the avowal of their opposition to established churches, as state churches; and their watchful jealousy at this moment against any extension of the principle of religious endowment by the State, only indicates their consistency, and shows the strength of their convictions of the evil of state churches. It is as ungenerous as it is illogical to meet the present expression of opinions which they have ever held, and at all fitting times plainly avowed, with the imputation of sectarian animosity, hostility to the Church, or the ribald cry, unworthy Christian men and *gentlemen*, of "*Chapel against Church*."

We say, again, it is none of these things which have caused the split. They have only been slight irritants, affecting a previous condition of high excitableness; and the splenetic words they have provoked, are only feeble evidences of the smothered ill-humour and anger within. The Whigs and the middle classes have been diverging for the last four years with rapid strides, and in the West Riding they have now openly, in principle and in political action, PARTED COMPANY. They might have continued together some time longer, but for the infatuation which prompted the gentry to put forward Mr. Charles Fitzwilliam, and to override the decision of the Normanton delegates;—but separation was a sure event, at no distant day, had that error and insult been avoided.

The evidences of Whig alienation in the Riding have been unmistakeable for the last three or four years. They looked with no favour at the qualification movement, and with small approval on the anti-corn-law agitation. The latter was too democratic—

it made too direct an appeal to the popular judgment; and the former so manifestly tended to counterbalance landlord influence in the county representation, that it was regarded with extreme dislike. Other and *higher personages* than the rabble of Tory gentlemen assembled at the hustings, have used the phrase 'faggot votes,' as applied to the League qualifications in the Riding; and we are much out in our judgment, if *in the House*, by a bill to alter the law as to split votes; and *out of it*, by a combined Whig and Tory onslaught on the League voters of the West Riding at the next revision, there is not indisputable proof given that, on this point, Whigs and Tories have one common object. The sympathy of the cabinet with the views of Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Walpole, and others, as to *split votes*, which those gentlemen want to abolish,—and also the sanction of their ingenious and plausible scheme for clogging the right of objection, the maintenance of which, in its full integrity, is essential to the independence and purity of the county constituency, was so manifest in the last session, that we are quite prepared to see Sir Charles Wood on another occasion supporting the dropped scheme of the *gentle-minded protectionists* we have alluded to. The free traders will do well to set their qualifications in order; they may depend upon it there is mischief intended.

The State-education controversy, and Mr. Cobden's return last year, added to the ill-humour of the Whig section. The education scheme is a pet one with the party. To resist it, wounded their self-love, and their aristocratic pride was deeply affronted that the resistance was a *middle-class* resistance. The ground, too, of the opposition to their scheme, was most obnoxious to them. The Dissenters have indeed been reproached with a narrow philosophy and a sectarian spirit in their resistance to the government scheme. They know the real meaning of this imputation, coming, as it does, mostly from those with whom they have little sympathy, either as to what is religious truth and doctrine, or who, whilst ostensibly one with them in religious belief, show, in their whole theory of education—its means and ends—that their conception of man's moral nature, and of the sanctions which can alone enforce moral rectitude of conduct, are of a low utilitarian character. Other parties who joined in the cry, unworthily, because they knew it was unjust, very clearly comprehended the scope of the objections so ably urged by Mr. Baines, and those who thought and acted with him. They saw that it involved the whole question of interference by the government, in matters of religion; and they saw, too, that the more the matter was discussed, the more searching became the inquiry,—what is the province of civil government? a question, in this day of Whig-



bureaucratic tendencies, most obnoxious to Whig ears; and hence, one further cause of bitterness!

To crown all, when it seemed decided at the election of 1847, that Lord Morpeth and Mr. Denison should walk over the course for the Riding,—an arrangement, we suspect, not unagreeable to the new Whig party,—a third candidate was, as if by magic, announced and carried, displacing Mr. Denison. The Whigs said little then. There *might* be a contest, and League votes *might* be necessary to keep Lord Morpeth a-head of Mr. Denison. It would not do to abjure Mr. Cobden; and still less to unite openly with Mr. Denison. But the union of the committees of Lord Morpeth and Mr. Cobden was cautiously evaded by Lord Morpeth's friends, though not in distinct terms; and even up to the moment when a poll might have been demanded by Mr. E. Lascelles for Mr. Denison, no one act had been done by Lord Morpeth's committee, which compelled it, in the event of a contest, to unite with Mr. Cobden's committee. We understood this then, *but better now*. 'If we need you,' was the real language of Lord Morpeth's committee—'then fraternity'—'if not, we do not know you; and we are free to take part for or against you another time.'

That time has come—Mr. Cobden is an alien, a leaguer, and worse, a Lancashire man! Still worse, Mr. Cobden has made himself obnoxious to the Whig party, and to the entire aristocracy of the kingdom, by his unsparing and bold attacks on profusion, patronage, and jobbing, in every form, and he must be put down. The Normanton delegates, and their coadjutors at Wakefield, stand identified with Mr. Cobden, in the minds of the West Riding Whigs; and it was not to be tolerated that a proceeding of so democratic and 'unconstitutional' a character, as that of carrying Mr. Cobden into the House of Commons, should be re-enacted even in miniature, by allowing the same middle-class-men to challenge the right of a Fitzwilliam to nominate a representative, and to send him to Parliament, not simply unpledged, but unquestioned!

Let it be disguised as it may—the insult offered the middle-class electors, in the persistence of Mr. Fitzwilliam to stand for the Riding, in utter contempt and disregard of the Normanton and Wakefield meetings, has its origin here. And be it observed, it is not wounded pride only which prompted the blow, but a strong political dislike to the man, and those who were supposed to sympathize with him, on the great questions of financial and parliamentary reform.

It is on these two questions, principally, that the section which has seceded from the main body of the liberals of the West Riding, are at issue with the majority. We doubt, indeed, their

perfect conviction of the truth of free trade, as a system, but their doubts will not lead them to resist its completion, though they may hesitate in the successive steps of the process. We attach little value to the cry which they have raised of 'Chapel against Church'—it is the feint, which hopes to draw the attack from the really vulnerable quarter. The Whigs well know that the question of separation of Church and State will be battled only in reviews and pamphlets, or on platforms; confined to the deeper thinkers—lay or ecclesiastical, so long as the support of the Church Establishment is derived from sources almost unseen, and no direct and palpable grievance, in the shape of a tax, presents the injustice and the impolicy of a State Church to popular view. The true, the *real* grounds of objection to an endowed church—the tendency of endowments to secularize the priesthood, to overlay the vital power of religion, and to make the Establishment an engine of State-craft, is understood by the few; and we are quite sure that the cry now raised, 'the Church in danger,' is in the main but a lure to withdraw the public eye from the abuses of the public administration, and the glaring anomalies and defects of the representative system.

As to these, we grieve to say it, Whigs and Tories sympathize. There is the same dread in both, of the further extension of political power, and the same dislike to the utilitarian philosophy of cutting down places and pensions, naval and military establishments, splendid colonial governments, and all the *et ceteras* of that gigantic and unwieldy system of administration at home and abroad, of which the aristocracy of the British isles are in almost exclusive possession.

But these things will be *inquired into, reformed, and remodelled*. The battle will be for reform and redistribution of the representation; for reform in the mode and incidence of taxation—the re-modelling of our colonial system, and retrenchment in the public expenditure.

A *new party* has been formed in the West Riding. The middle classes stand alone; but they stand on sure ground—the ground of strongly-defined, matured, and right principles. We are of opinion that they will hold to their principles the more tenaciously, because they have been beaten back upon them;—just as men resisting an invasion fight most desperately around the homesteads which contain their helpless children, and the grave-yards in which rest the bones of their forefathers. *They have found their strength*, and have learned a lesson of self-reliance which they will never unlearn. They need lean no longer on aristocratic aid; and though as willing as ever to unite with old associates, *without compromise of principle*, they will not court union by a single act of political subserviency and vassalage.

We are not prepared to say, whether in the new position of the middle-class liberals of the West Riding, they see with full and clear vision the responsibility which it involves. We may be excused if we venture to indicate, imperfectly, we fear, something of its import and measure.

They have severed themselves from men, many of whom they honour, and with whom they have long acted as co-workers in the cause of civil and religious liberty. It is impossible that they can again unite themselves with their late co-liberals on any basis of principle which falls short of that for which they have now battled. They need not that section which has seceded for the realization of their political aims. They would gladly fight with it, but if not, they know they can win without it. We believe they will have to rely on themselves; if so, let them remember they are now leaders, not followers.

And what is the condition of society which finds them at the head of the greatest and most influential constituency in England? We have difficulty to characterise it.

Looking to the people, specifically so called, the toiling mass of operatives, there is now, and has been for the last two years, a large amount of destitution, the result of a great complication of causes; and concurrently with this state of destitution, and arising out of it, deep discontent, and an extraordinary fermentation of mind on political and social questions. For several years, Chartism has had strong hold on the minds of the West Riding operatives; and it can scarcely be matter of surprise,—reference being made to the fact that, excepting the lull of commercial difficulty intervening between 1843 and 1846, the entire ten years from 1838 to 1848 have been marked by violent and extreme alternations in the price of food and the employment of the people,—that political agitation has been rife, and almost violent. Everything has been out of joint in our social and economic arrangements; and stimulated alike by the pinching of want and by the startling phenomena around, mind, in all classes of society, has been directed to the discovery of *the remedy*, which, like the philosopher's stone, was to convert the existing chaos and misery into an Eldorado of order and happiness. Hence have arisen a thousand schemes, each having its apostle, and each, if its apostle is to be believed, a panacea for all existing ills. We need not enumerate these schemes. As we could not critically examine them in the brief space which remains, we do not wish to be misunderstood as to our own views of each, nor to do injustice to any one of them by passing a rapid and hasty judgment. We have, besides, an object in alluding to these theories, quite distinct from that of examining their merits.

The progress of all reform, social, political, or economical, in



this country, will for the future be dependent upon the concentration of the general mind of the middle classes, in union with the general mind of the operative classes, on *specific evils*, and upon their agreement as to PARTICULAR REMEDIES. Now, we are free to confess thus much, with reference to many of the schemes or theories on which the mind of the operative classes is fixed with intense interest, that they are visionary and impracticable. Some are founded on false conceptions of human nature; others disregard the actual forms and habits of society, which, if not theoretically right, are stereotyped on its constitution by centuries of action, and will not yield, like the soft clay, to the hand of the political or social moulder, seeking to impress on vast societies and whole races of men a new impress. Now there is only one way of dealing with these schemes, or theories. They must be fairly debated with their advocates; and what is more important, other schemes, PRACTICAL and TANGIBLE,—such as the budget of Mr. Cobden, or Sir William Molesworth's Colonial reform; the one pointing to relief in the total amount, and reform in the incidence of taxation; the other, indicating the rationale of making the colonies individual epitomes of the mother country, municipally and politically, and no longer a burthen to it,—must be perseveringly and steadily presented for consideration and discussion. A thousand day-dreams of the marvellous power of some favourite ISM, will be dissipated in an instant by the presentation of schemes comprehended at a glance, and needing only the national fiat to make them veritable realities.

The middle classes of the West Riding have taken the leadership, and they may not shrink from its responsibilities. It has been the bane of the party to rely on aristocratic leaders for every thing, so far as the county representation went, even to the minutiae of registering their votes. Not only must they now attend to this mere matter of business, but they must take the initiative on all public questions. We know there is a strong feeling in the minds of many intelligent liberals, that the habits of the business man and of the public man are incompatible. We take leave emphatically to confront this opinion! The contrary fact might be proved, without stepping out of the Riding, in hundreds of instances. No! It is not true that a man cannot mind his business as a merchant or a manufacturer, and mind public business; *but it is true* that thousands of intelligent men, acting upon this figment, hold aloof from all public business, and thus the few who do work are overburthened and injured, or worse—charlatans and demagogues take the lead. We wish we could impress on every mind the words of Cromwell, writing to his son, and giving him directions what to

read, and for what end. 'Study history, make yourself master of public matters, that you may make yourself useful to your country, which is the first duty of every man, and every man's *proper business*.' Cromwell himself was an admirable example of the union of the thrift and shrewdness which makes a man 'well to do' in the world, and of the public spirit which makes him the active and useful citizen; and this union of qualities is the desiderata of our day, and more especially amongst the rising and enterprising class of manufacturers. But, *verbum sat*—we forbear.

A parting word with the Whigs of the West Riding. They have severed themselves from the great body of the Liberal party, and, in so doing, have committed an act of *felo-de-se*. They are a section, and a small one; and they will be a section diminishing in power and influence, year by year, if they persist in holding aloof. We are not addressing ourselves to those Whigs, so-called, who voted for Mr. Denison. Theirs is a case of apostacy past redemption; a state of mental aberration and political apostacy which is chronic. They may commend themselves to their new allies by the vehemence of their new-born Conservatism, but we will venture to tell them that they will be *used*, but neither trusted nor honoured by their new associates. We are speaking to those of the Whig party who, if we may judge by their past actions, would not directly or indirectly vote for pure Toryism; men who, to apply Mr. Fawkes's emphatic phraseology, 'would consider themselves as betraying their principles,' if, in any form, or by the remotest implication even, they could act, and vote, and speak, as Tories! Where and with whom will they range themselves at a future election? With Mr. Denison, or Mr. Fitzwilliam? If with the latter, do they expect to return him, as against a nominee of the great party which voted for Sir Culling Eardley? If so, are they prepared to join the Conservative ranks, and to adopt Conservative opinions? Or are they calculating that in exchange for some 4,000 or 5,000 Whig votes to help out Mr. Denison, some 11,000 or 12,000 Tory votes will be given to help out Mr. Fitzwilliam? Either way, what will be their position in the Riding, and their weight as a party? We put it to them, seriously and earnestly, whether they are not acting under the influence of an unworthy pique, and overlaying the nobler nature within them, because the expanding mind and the growing power of the middle classes are becoming *felt elements* in Riding matters? And we ask them, in conclusion, whether, in this time of ferment, when institutions, over which centuries of honour have passed, and whose foundations seemed as firm and immovable as the Pyramids, are

swept away as mere cobwebs, it is the part of wise men and true patriots to strain the power of the aristocracy of rank and land, *ostensibly* against the rising claim of the middle classes to have a voice in the nomination of a knight of the shire, but in *reality* against all further reform, administrative or organic?

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*Note on Article VIII. in the Number for December, 1848.*

WE readily give insertion to the following communication, which we have received from the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith. It has been our invariable practice whenever a gentleman deems himself misrepresented in our pages, to afford him an opportunity of setting himself right with our readers. This is a simple act of justice which we shall never knowingly refuse. There is no man in the kingdom for whom we entertain a higher respect than for Dr. Pye Smith, or from whom we dissent with a more serious mistrust of our own judgment. In proportion, however, to such respect is our pain at the position he occupies as one of the Distributors of the Parliamentary Grant. The appearance of his name in such a list, gives a greater handle to our opponents than those of fifty other men would do. But we abstain from comment, simply remarking that the public understand, and Churchmen represent the *status* of the Distributors to be as we have stated. Whatever verbal charge may be preferred against our statement, it accurately represents the general feeling and judgment of the community.

*To the Editor of the Eclectic Review.*

MY DEAR SIR,

HOMERTON, DEC. 23, 1848.

In the 'Eclectic Review' for the present month, at page 763, at the close of what I had read with pleasure as an able, judicious, and fairly reasoned article, I was surprised and distressed to find some implications and assertions, with respect to the Distributors of the *Regium Donum* to poor Protestant Dissenting Ministers. Against them I feel myself under an indispensable obligation to beg your admission of my protest. I do not touch upon the general question, its merits or demerits. They have been discussed elsewhere; and I cheerfully do honour to many of my brethren in the Dissenting Ministry who differ from me upon that question. But, from an intimate acquaintance with the character and proceedings of the Distributors during more than thirty-four years, I solemnly declare to you, and by your favour to the public, that the imputations in the paragraph are FALSE and CALUMNIOUS. Not only from my knowledge and memory, but as the result of particular inquiry, I deny that the Distributors have ever 'laid claim to the character of representing Dissent;—that they have ever assumed this character;—that they have



agreed to call one another Representatives;—that they presume to act—in the name,—and taking the authority,—of the Denominations.' And I further deny that they have ever done any act from which it could be justly *inferred*, or by any honourable *conjecture supposed*, that they, or any of them, have made the claims alleged. The Reviewer —(*not, I am persuaded, yourself,*)—with the evident design of riveting the iron nails of his accusations, and precluding any reply, reiterates his assumption that those accusations against the Distributors are derived from 'their own assertions;' and adds that 'they may sophisticate as much as they please, but all they say in their own defence will be regarded as idle wind.'

These representations exhibit myself and eight other men, upon whom the public has been accustomed to look with something like respect, as *impostors* and *liars*, and not entitled to be heard in their own defence.

I am, my dear Sir, with great esteem and affection, yours,

JOHN PYE SMITH.

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